

THE SUSSEX WINDMILLS (Illustrated). By F. Weston.
THE NEW FOREST HUNT (Illustrated).

COUNTRY LIFE

7, AVISTOCK STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C. 2.

Vol. XLVII. No. 1206. [REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O. AS A NEWSPAPER, AND FOR CANADIAN MAGAZINE POST.] SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 14th, 1920. Published Weekly. PRICE ONE SHILLING. Subscription Price, per annum, post free. Inland and Canadian, 60/- Foreign, 74/-.

By Special Appointment  to H.M. King George V.

DECORATIONS

and other improvements—ALL TRADES

BY

WHITELEYS

WALL PAPERS } Unique Collection

M. WHITELEY, LTD., Queen's Road, London, W.2
Telephone: Park One. Telegrams: "Whiteley, London."



S. M. BRYDE & CO. Ltd.

WALLPAPER SHOWROOMS

5, HANOVER SQUARE, LONDON, W.
AND
30, BASINGHALL WORKS, LEEDS

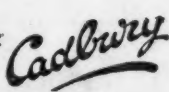
Grand Marnier

In case of difficulty in obtaining supplies, please advise us and we will see that supplies are sent through the usual trade channels.

(Wholesale only)
Aitken Melrose & Co. Ltd.
Melrose House, 26 Pall Mall, London S.W.1

FOR Quality AND Flavour

BOURNVILLE COCOA

MADE BY 


SHOOLBRED'S

TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON, W.1

LARGE STOCKS OF FURNITURE

SELECTED TO MEET ALL REQUIREMENTS

Strictly Competitive Prices and Free Delivery

BY ROYAL WARRANT 

TO H.M. THE KING.

Telephone 5552 Gerrard.
Telegrams "Duvel, Ox, London."

HOWARD & SONS Ltd.

25, 26 & 27, BERNERS STREET, LONDON, W. 1.

DECORATION.
INTERIOR WOODWORK.
PARQUET FLOORING.
ELECTRIC LIGHTING.
STRUCTURAL WORK.
FURNITURE.
ANTIQUES.
UPHOLSTERY.

"Come the four Corners of the world on wheels
And we shall tyre them."

AVON TYRES

SOLE PROPRIETORS AND MANUFACTURERS:
THE AVON INDIA RUBBER CO., LTD.,
19, NEWMAN STREET, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.1
Works (Est. 1885): Melksham and Bradford-on-Avon, Wilts.



BY APPOINTMENT.

TREDEGARS

Decorations Lighting
Furniture and Antiques

5 & 7 BROOK STREET LONDON W 1
Tredegars, Ltd. Mayfair 1032-1033

WHERE HELP IS NEEDED

PADDINGTON GREEN CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL Saves the Babies

Will you help to keep the wards open and to maintain the important work of establishing a sound and healthy rising generation?

HELP BY LEGACY IS EARNESTLY SOLICITED.

Treasurer: Capt. NIGEL HANBURY, M.B.E.
Secretary: F. STANLEY CHEER, Children's Hospital, Paddington Green, W.

City of London Hospital for Chest Diseases

(Victoria Park Hospital), E. 2.

Adjoining the Park of 217 acres.

PATRONS—THEIR MAJESTIES THE KING AND QUEEN.
HER MAJESTY QUEEN ALEXANDRA.

TREASURER—SIR G. WYATT TRUSCOTT, Bt.
CHAIRMAN—SIR A. KAYE BUTTERWORTH.

The increased suffering from consumption, due to the war, makes the Hospital's work of supreme importance. Donations and legacies are badly needed to meet additional expenditure of over £10,000 per annum. Contributions may be sent to Barclay's Bank, Ltd., 54, Lombard Street, E.C. 3, or to the Secretary, at the Hospital, Victoria Park, E. 2.

GEORGE WATTS, Secretary.

... THE ... CHURCH ARMY asks HELP

for
Limbless and Discharged Service Men
in hostels.

Soldiers' Motherless Children
in fresh air homes.

Ex-Service Men
wanting employment.

The Very Poor and Needy
and other people needing aid.

MANY OTHER BRANCHES.

Cheques crossed "Barclays a/c Church Army," payable to Prebendary CARLILE, D.D., Hon. Chief Secretary, Headquarters, Bryanston Street, Marble Arch, London, W.1.

SPURGEON'S ORPHANAGE

CLAPHAM RD., LONDON, S.W. 9. Seaside Home Branch: Cliftonville, Margate.

President & Director—Rev. CHARLES SPURGEON. Vice-President & Treasurer—WILLIAM HIGGS, Esq.

A HOME and SCHOOL for 500 FATHERLESS CHILDREN and a Memorial of the beloved Founder, G. H. SPURGEON. No Votes required. The most needy and deserving cases are selected for admission. Contributions should be sent to the Treasurer, Spurgeon's Orphanage, Clapham Road, London, S.W. 9. Note to Intending Benefactors—Our Last Annual Report, containing a Legal Form of Bequest, will be gladly sent on application to the Secretary.

The Waifs & Strays Society

(Founded in 1881 by Prebendary Rudolf)

is in

URGENT NEED OF HELP

Its present family totals **4,700** children and over **24,000** have been given homes.

Please send a donation so that the work may be continued.

Secretary: Rev. W. FOWELL SWANN, M.A.,
Old Town Hall, Kennington Road, S.E. 11.

Cheques, etc., crossed and payable to "Waifs & Strays."

CANCER HOSPITAL (FREE)

(INCORPORATED UNDER ROYAL CHARTER)

FULHAM ROAD, LONDON, S.W. 3.



All applicants seen, without having the trouble of first procuring a Governor's Letter, each week day, except Saturday, at 2 p.m.

BANKERS:
MESSRS. COUTTS & Co., Strand, W. C.

SAVE THE CHILDREN!

The work of the largest maternity Hospital of the kingdom claims the special support of the Country. Last year nearly 4,000 patients were received into

QUEEN CHARLOTTE'S HOSPITAL, MARYLEBONE,

or attended at home, including over 1,300 wives of our soldiers and sailors.

**SUPPORT GREATLY NEEDED
WILL YOU HELP?**

3,400 In-Patients.
123,500 Out-Patient
Attendances
yearly.

Gt Northern Central Hospital,

HOLLOWAY, N. 7. (The largest General Hospital in North London) NEEDS HELP.

£50,000
REQUIRED ANNUALLY.
310 BEDS.
BRANCHES at FINCHLEY
AND CLACTON-ON-SEA.

GILBERT G. PANTER, Secretary.

WHAT IS WRONG WITH YOUR HOME?

Is it as Tasteful, as Convenient, as Comfortable as it should be? Does it Display Style in its Decoration? Is it well Equipped as regards the Everyday Needs of Economical Cooking and Hot-Water Supply? Is it Up-to-date in its Bathroom, Kitchen, Scullery? Does it make the most of Labour-Saving Devices that render work easy, and, WHAT IS VITAL, help you to get and keep a servant? The Publication that assists you on all these points is

OUR HOMES AND GARDENS

On Sale at all Newsagents. 1/- Monthly.

THE MAGAZINE THAT HAS SIMPLY LEAPED INTO POPULARITY

A Specimen Copy will be sent post free on application to GEORGE NEWNES, Ltd., Southampton Street, Strand, London, W.C.

COUNTRY LIFE

VOL. XLVII.—No. 1206.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 14th, 1920.

PRICE ONE SHILLING, POSTAGE EXTRA.
[REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O. AS A NEWSPAPER.]



LALLIE CHARLES.

THE HON. MRS. RICHARD H. B. NORTON.

67, Curzon Street, Mayfair, W.

COUNTRY LIFE

THE JOURNAL FOR ALL INTERESTED IN
COUNTRY LIFE & COUNTRY PURSUITS

OFFICES: 20, TAVISTOCK STREET, COVENT GARDEN, W.C.

Telegrams: "COUNTRY LIFE," LONDON; Tele. No.: GERRARD 2748.
Advertisements: 8-11, SOUTHAMPTON STREET, W.C.2; Tele. No.: REGENT 760.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
Our Frontispiece: The Hon Mrs. Richard H. B. Norton	189, 190
Trouble About Milk. (Leader)	190
Country Notes	191
Before Spring, by Sir George Douglas, Bart.	191
To Joyce on St. Valentine's Day	192
Some Sussex Windmills, Written and Illustrated by F. and M. Weston	193
Some Uses of Grey Plants, by Gertrude Jekyll. (Illustrated)	196
English Silver Plate Belonging to Field-Marshal Lord Methuen, G.C.B., by H. Aray Tipping. (Illustrated)	197
Country Home: Whitehall, by H. Aray Tipping. (Illustrated)	200
The New Forest Hunt. (Illustrated)	206
The Greatest of English Kings	209
The Duke of Leeds and His Tenants. (Illustrated)	211
The Estate Market	212
Correspondence	213
Mysteries in Tennis History (E. B. Noel); "Tom Putt"; Furniture in the Chinese Style and the Work of Sir William Chambers (J. Landfear Lucas); Tuberculin Free Pedigree Shorthorns (S. F. Edge); Money in Pigs (Thos. Ratcliffe); Night in London; A Chinese God on a Japanese Roof (Kiyoshi Sakamoto); An Old House at Dunster; British Tramp and American "Hobo" (Arthur O. Cooke); The Threatened Disposal of Ingram House.	
Lesser Country Houses of To-day: Spraceton Court, Norwich. (Illustrated)	215
Colour in Thoroughbreds.—IV, by the Rev. Gerald S. Davies, Master of the Charterhouse	217
Disqualified Horses in Racing	218
The Golfer and His Shoes, by Bernard Darwin	219
Nature Notes. (Illustrated)	220
Letters to Young Sportsmen: On Shooting.—IV, "Rough Days," by the Hon. Douglas Cairns. (Illustrated)	221
The Automobile World. (Illustrated)	lxxvi.
The Reliability of the Tractor and its Care. (Illustrated)	lxxvii.
From the Editor's Bookshelf	lxxx.
The Navy and the Air Force at Football, by L. R. Tossell	lxxx.
Spring Fashions in Embryo. (Illustrated)	lxxxii.
Noted at Olympia. (Illustrated)	lxxxiv.

EDITORIAL NOTICE

Those who send photographs are requested to state the price for reproduction, otherwise when payment is requested it will be made at the usual rates of this journal. Only the actual photographer or owner of the copyright can be treated with.

TROUBLE ABOUT MILK

WHEN an invalid has been held up and supported by a strong arm for a length of time he begins to totter if that arm is removed. Yet the doctor feels no alarm, nor does he suggest that the support should be resumed. After the patient once gets on to his own legs he soon is able to improve and obtain command of his limbs. Something of this kind has happened with the business of supplying the public with milk. The dairy farmer has for several years been supported by the burly arm of the Government. But on the whole he has had a good time during the war. While meat has advanced about 50 per cent. in price milk costs quite three hundred per cent. more than it did in pre-war days. Before the Government released control things were threatening to come to a deadlock. If there was not a strike against the high price of milk there was, at any rate, so much passive resistance that the sales fell very largely. They would have gone down still more but for the fact that local bodies were erected to provide milk for families in which there was excessive poverty or weakly children. This was, no doubt, the outcome of a benevolent disposition on the part of somebody at headquarters. It may be a good thing from the point of view that it is good to retain in life as many children as possible. That, at any rate, is the more or less sentimental view of the question. It should also be looked at unsentimentally.

This dole of milk in reality was of the character of that parish relief which came to be very much disliked in recent

years. It was a mechanically worked charity. No question of deserving was raised. A proportion of those who are receiving this dole at the moment belong to what may be called the wastrel type of family, and it does not conduce to the contentment and good feeling of a countryside when the hard-working, honest toiler sees the idler and loafer obtaining advantages denied to him. Looking at his own purse and the quart of milk that would cost him tenpence or elevenpence according to the district in which he lived, he began to reckon that it had become a very dear form of food. A quart of milk is not a large quantity to distribute over a family, especially if they all take porridge for breakfast. It would scarcely give a sufficiency to four of them. Hence the refusal to buy milk at the price. But when it was decontrolled the farmers did not lower the price, to any great extent, at any rate. Their policy was rather to make butter and sell it at the price they would receive had they got rid of all their milk at, say, tenpence a quart. The effect of this on the country as a whole may be fairly judged from what took place at Cornwall. When butter was brought to market at prices varying from four shillings and sixpence to six shillings a pound the mining population became irate and marched in procession to Penzance to protest against the famine price of butter. At most of the markets it was brought down, to be sure, to three shillings and sixpence or four shillings a pound, but that is more than the working classes can possibly afford to give for it. The state of things described is to be found not in one district only, but over the greater part of the country. As has been pointed out in these pages, dairy farmers, especially those who have to purchase most of their foodstuffs, have a strong case in answer to the charge that the prices are prohibitive. On the other hand, those who derive their livelihood from mixed husbandry and keep only a small number of cows are undoubtedly in a position to lower the price of milk and of butter.

This view of the matter may be commended to the consideration of Lord Astor who, on Saturday, delivered a speech in which he emphasised the need of farmers producing food cheaply. It is a most excellent doctrine, because there cannot fail to be industrial trouble about wages if food prices are kept up at the very high level at which they are just now. But the farmers' rejoinder is that not only are foodstuffs dearer, but that labour costs infinitely more. No one can calculate exactly how much, because there has to be considered not only the rise in wages, but the shortening of hours and the lesser output of the average man per hour. It is universally conceded that the men who have gone back to farming on such improved conditions do not put into their shorter hours as much energy as they did in the long pre-war hours. If the farmer is not going to get remuneration, one of two things is sure to happen. If it is really true that dairy products cannot be brought to market more cheaply than they are just now and that the masses of the population will not pay, then the cows will be sold and the farmers cease to produce. If, on the other hand, the profits are excessive, it may be hoped that in time they will be brought down by the haggling of the market. Not for very long would a dairy farmer be content to serve only half of his milk if he had no hope that customers would come to his terms. The difficulty about competition arises from the milk dole. Local authorities who are not spending money out of their own pockets will, as a rule, pay the prices asked without a question. We have not known a single authority which has protested against the excessive charge for milk.

Our Frontispiece

A PORTRAIT of the Hon. Mrs. Richard H. B. Norton appears on the first page of this week's issue of COUNTRY LIFE. The elder daughter of Sir David Kinloch, C.B., M.V.O., Mrs. Norton was married last year to the Hon. Richard H. B. Norton, only son of the fifth Baron Grantley, and has a baby daughter.

* * * Particulars and conditions of sale of estates and catalogues of furniture should be sent as soon as possible to COUNTRY LIFE, and followed in due course by a prompt notification of the results of the various sales.



COUNTRY NOTES

IF anything could impress the people of this country with the necessity for a great national push in agriculture it would be found in the remarkable letter which Sir Charles Fielding has sent to the *Times*. The gist of the matter is that, indebted though we are to America, we still continue to buy about six hundred and twenty-four million pounds' worth of produce, chiefly from that country. On the other hand, Sir Charles Fielding, who, as the late Director-General of Food Production, speaks with unimpeachable authority, says "five of the counties of England are now producing so much food that had the rest of our cultivated area been farmed on similar intensive lines, the United Kingdom would to-day have a surplus of food which we could sell for export." That is a very remarkable and striking statement. It shows that the nation has resources in itself which might enable it to do without imported food. Incidentally, if that were accomplished, the exchange would be righted and British credit re-established. But that does not exhaust the advantages. In this country are many millions of consumers whose standard of living has been raised and they would be in a position to buy the produce of the farmers. The money exchanged in this process would remain at home. Although it changed hands it still would not have gone out of the country, whereas if we remain a great food importing country, every payment made to the foreigner leaves Great Britain more impoverished. But we are not making the effort. Many of the counties in England are "producing less than fifty per cent. of their quota of the country's food" and "eighty per cent. of our soil is infinitely below its productive capacity."

SIR CHARLES FIELDING enlarges and strengthens his argument. He refers to the expert opinion that a hundred acres of grassland produces the food of twenty people, whereas the same acreage ploughed up would feed eighty people. If wheat be grown on one hundred acres of ploughland for human consumption the remainder of the crops from that acreage will provide food for thirty-five cattle. There are only nineteen million acres of ploughland in England as compared with twenty-eight millions of grass, about ten millions of which are suitable for bringing into arable cultivation. From this data he arrives at several conclusions, as, for instance, (1) the Government and nation must organise agriculture so as to produce our own food; (2) urban dwellers and all other voters must be made to understand that nothing comes to the workman's pocket from food purchased abroad, whereas what is paid for home-produced food all comes back to the workers of town and country; (3) experience during the war showed what a vast amount of unskilled labour could be set to do agricultural work. Sir Charles suggests that we should bring back into work a quarter of a million of women and release half a million able-bodied men from unemployment, unproductive work and from work which women could do; (4) the State must guarantee to the farmer that he will receive the cost of production plus a reasonable profit for at least ten years, and it will be the business of the farmer to cultivate intensively and grow what the nation requires.

WHEN the Prince of Wales was on the other side of the Atlantic he had what he himself called "a brain wave" which led him to purchase a ranch in Alberta. Now it is announced that he has begun to stock this farm by purchasing two shorthorn heifers that were bred in his own Duchy of Cornwall herd and were both of them prize-winners at last year's Show. The Canadians are naturally highly pleased at having the Prince of Wales as a settler among them, all the more so perhaps because the acquisition of this property was not a mere investment but due to the pleasure which the Prince takes in everything pertaining to an outdoor life. Probably he looks forward with pleasant anticipation to intervals when he may retire to his farm in this remote part of the world and be free for a moment from the bustle and incident which are inseparable from his position, especially when it is occupied by one whose popularity is continually growing. In all this he will be following classic examples. Great Britain has had a farmer king before to-day, and many of her other monarchs have delighted in the seclusion of the country and its innocent pursuits.

PARLIAMENT was opened on February 10th with a revival of the pomp and circumstance to which we were accustomed before the War broke out. The King and his Consort drove in the old style to Westminster, and the Royal speech was read by the Sovereign himself as Parliament loves to hear it. Of Parliament itself it never was more unsafe to prophesy what will happen in the new session. After the Great War parties are, temporarily at least, thrown out of position, and in this case there has been a remarkable development of the opinion that the old party system should be allowed to pass out of existence. It served its purpose best when there was a simple cleavage between Whig and Tory, but nowadays politicians are divided into groups rather than parties, and it seems likely that here, as in France and Germany for the last half-century, the formation of a Government will only be rendered possible by a combination of these groups. It would be very difficult to enumerate them even now, and it may be expected that they will split up into still smaller factions as time goes on. But all this may perhaps result in the problems of the hour being attacked from a fresh standpoint, one in which the individual will be more at liberty to express his own view and vote according to his own convictions than he was in the golden age of the party Whip, when he who revolted stood a very good chance of being drummed out of the party.

BEFORE SPRING.

The year is all too tender yet
To nourish dreams of spring,
The crocus in the sward to set,
The song-thrush on the wing,
The skylark on that golden stair
That mounts to realms on high,
To trill his silvery cadence there,
Half prayer, half ecstasy!

GEORGE DOUGLAS.

THE "Ideal Home" Exhibition has turned out a success, and the attendance shows how very keenly the public is interested in the various improvements which can be effected in a modern house. Many of these recall the old proverb that necessity is the mother of invention. In old days when labour was cheap householders were very little concerned about methods of saving it. They kept large numbers of servants and could find recruits for any special occasion. But latterly inventive minds have been turned to the question of eliminating that frightfully heavy work which used to overtax a woman's strength. Electricity to a large extent has taken the place of the serving maid, and it would be idle to attempt to make a list of the thousand and one ways for reducing work to its lowest terms. The æsthetic side has not been neglected, and many a visitor must have carried away valuable hints for beautifying the home, while there is a vegetable garden planted out and placed before visitors in the most practical way imaginable. It could be copied anywhere.

AS Mr. Lloyd George put it with perfect truth and his customary humour, the poor old British sovereign is down on its luck. Dismal prophets in America are saying that it is going to decrease still further in value, and the problem before the country is how to bring it back to its pre-war status. In the Prime Minister's opinion the one thing likely to make it recover quickly is that Great Britain is the only belligerent country which has imposed the taxation necessary to meet her expenditure. That was distinctly a step in the right direction, as it tends to put British credit on a clear and unmistakable basis. The next thing is that we should begin to reduce the National Debt as quickly as possible. This year there will be a surplus, and it ought to be devoted to that end. Beyond that, as Sir Richard Vassar Vassar-Smith, the Chairman of Lloyd's Bank, said in his address the other day, all will depend on our economy and productiveness. According to the Board of Trade returns our export trade is steadily increasing, and what is wanted to keep this movement alive is energetic work in the factory. If we have the goods to send abroad the value of the sovereign will soon be re-established. One of our contemporaries, the *Daily Express*, has started a cry that each of us should give what gold we possess, either as coin or ornament, to the Treasury, and thus enough gold might be accumulated to re-establish the value of the sovereign. There is no cause to take any pessimistic view of the matter. The wonder is not that the belligerent countries are all embarrassed after the war, but that any of them have been able to survive without bankruptcy.

ALTHOUGH half a million pounds looks a large sum for the purpose, it will not be grudged when given by the National Relief Fund for the purpose of helping and training women who are unemployed or whose earning capacity or opportunities have been affected injuriously by the war. There can be no doubt that there are plenty of opportunities for women if some readjustment could be arranged. It seems an extraordinary waste of muscle to see, as one may in many of the huge multiple shops of London, stalwart soldiers who fought splendidly in the war, selling buttons and measuring cloth with a tape. These tasks could be performed excellently by women, and the men surely would be happier and more contented in work more worthy of the name. In organising labour every shrewd employer takes all possible care to give the delicate work to those with delicate hands, and the heavy work to those with plenty of muscle. If this principle could be carried through with regard to the division of work between the sexes, the result would be a very notable contribution to the efficiency of the nation and the fuller employment of all who belong to it.

DR. MURRAY LESLIE'S lecture on the disproportion of the sexes brings to light a number of facts that have a considerable bearing on the future welfare of the nation. First of all, it would appear that there are more than a million women in the country who have no chance of getting married and becoming mothers of families. It is not altogether due to the loss of the male element in war nor to any natural superiority in numbers of female to male children. On the contrary, more boys than girls are brought into the world, but few mothers seem to recognise that the baby boy is the delicate child and the baby girl the hardy one, so that the surplus of males at birth becomes a deficit by the time they have reached the age of maturity. A common-sense remedy for that would be more efficient training of women in the arts of nursing and motherhood, for it is obvious that if the infantile male population could be kept alive, it would at least balance the female. That is a remedy which would take time, however. The point at present is what can be done for the spinster who has no chance of getting married. Should she go to the colonies? is the most important of the questions being asked.

THERE is no doubt that certain of the Colonies are beginning to attract women settlers. New Zealand is a good example. Young married women in an older generation used to object to going to New Zealand because they thought that education was better in the Old Country

and they did not feel sure that all their children would take to farming. But time has done away with these grounds of complaint. The New Zealand system of education is as good, and perhaps better than, that at home. Means are provided whereby a scholar of talent, however little his or her start may be, can by diligence and ability secure the best secondary education which the Colony can supply. Again, as a Colony grows older it expands beyond the purely agricultural stage. Towns rise, industries are started, professional men are needed, and this is surely so in the case of New Zealand, where many industries have been set going and the population tends not only to increase in numbers, but in prosperity.

MR. JAMES HUNTER, the well known seedsman, died a few days ago at the age of seventy-five. He rendered many great services to agriculture, and the greatest was an introduction into his catalogue of 1883 of a guarantee against adulterated grass and clover seeds. We have all become keen on that subject now and nearly every seed firm of repute issues guarantees of a similar nature, while the Government shows it is alive to the importance of the subject in its interest in the Botanical Institute at Cambridge. But Mr. Hunter was a pioneer in the field, and his innovation produced a most salutary effect. He was a great friend of that enterprising and clever agriculturist, Mr. R. H. Elliot of Clifton Park, near Kelso, and the fame achieved by Mr. Elliot's grass farming was in considerable measure due to his support. Mr. Hunter also invented many valuable machines for cleansing seed. He was a sturdy and vigorous man of Fifty, and leaves a vacancy that will not be easily filled.

TO JOYCE ON ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

If you seek it well to-day
You may find, so wise folks say,
Some first token that the Spring
Comes to us on primrose wing.
But if she should linger still,
While the days are dark and chill
And no trace of Spring be seen—
No tiny bud of living green—
Look for her within your heart,
For you and she can never part.
Spring loves a heart without a care,
And I expect she's lingering there.

THERE has been some interesting billiards recently. True to his reputation as a good fighter to a finish, Inman gained somewhat on Newman at the end of their match last week, but he never really got within hail of him and for the moment he is getting distinctly the worst of it in his attempts to give 1,500 in 16,000 to such players as Newman, Smith and Falkiner. These three have come on, and Inman does not stand out by himself as he did last year; but in a level match he would probably still start a favourite against any of the three. It is certainly a great pity that he has seen fit not to enter for the Championship this year. Meanwhile, there has been some excellent play in the Amateur Championship, which attracts more interest each year. There have been quite a crop of breaks of over a hundred by Mr. Graham Symes, Mr. Fry's most dangerous opponent, Mr. Marshall and Mr. Hindes, among others, and there are several other players quite capable of accomplishing the feat. How different from the days when the fact of having run out with a break of twenty-five unfinished induced that talented amateur Mr. Mardon to write an elaborate treatise on the game.

THERE must have been grief and consternation in South Wales on Saturday when the news came through from Edinburgh that Scotland had beaten Wales at Rugby football. The Welshmen had annihilated England; they went North full of confidence and they were leading by a goal at half-time. The Scots, however, if not a great side, were, as ever, a dour and dangerous one. They marked Jerry Shea relentlessly and reduced him almost to impotence; the forwards played their traditional hard game. The young and untried men among the backs rose to the occasion, and there was in the team a fine place

kicker, Kennedy, to take advantage of the penalty kicks which Welsh sides are always likely to incur. Kennedy scored six points, two penalty goals, with two tremendous kicks, and these may be said to have decided the match, though Sloan also scored a very fine try. It is, in a sense,

unsatisfactory that penalty kicks should win a match, but it is a very good thing that law-breaking, however unintentional, should not go unpunished. A player who can kick like Kennedy supplies an invaluable reinforcement to the referee's whistle.

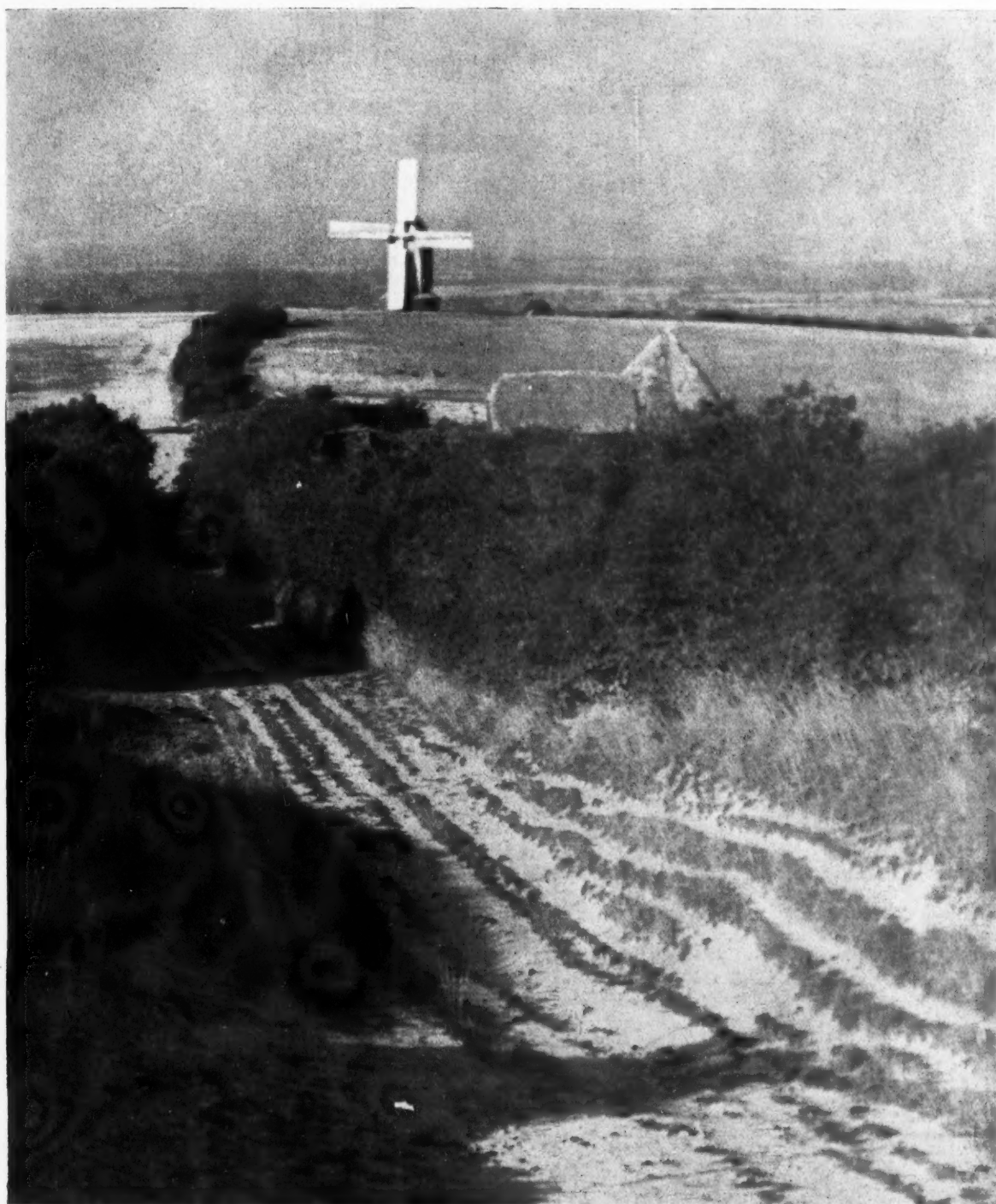
SOME SUSSEX WINDMILLS

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY F. AND M. WESTON.

THE earliest form of mill used by men was probably the watermill, which is far older than the windmill, but it had to cling to a stream, whereas the windmill could take its stand in any position open to the breath of heaven, and was therefore particularly suited to the chalk country, which is poor in running water. At one time, therefore, a windmill was a feature of every Sussex landscape, for each countryside had its mill to which the farmers and

people around brought their corn for grinding. Originally all mills belonged to the lords of the manor, who were paid by the villeins in kind for the work done; but as the years passed the millers themselves either rented the mills or became their owners.

Sussex mills figure quite early in history, for after the battle of Lewes in 1264, when Simon de Montfort defeated Henry III, the King's brother Richard sought refuge in a



A MILL NEAR LEWES.

windmill, where he was captured. The country people probably sded with de Montfort, for they sang a mocking old song about the event. "He makede him a castle of a mulne post," they sang, and "he weened that the mill-sails were mangonels," a mangonel being a military engine for hurling stones at an enemy.

The earliest mills were post mills, one of which is referred to in the song. These mills turn on a central post, and have to be pulled or pushed round into the wind by means of a long beam which sticks out behind. The central post is supported by trestles, which in the very earliest mills were left exposed. There are very few of these mills left nowadays, but there is one at Ashurst, of which a photograph is given here. This, however, is in a very dilapidated condition, and it will not be long before it falls to pieces. With it will disappear one more picturesque link with the past. In the later post mills, of which there are several left, such as that at Malling, the trestles are enclosed by a round house. Still more recently a vane or fantail was fitted on the steps, or on the body of the mill itself, as in the case of that at Icklesham. This fan comes into operation when the mill is not in the wind and turns it automatically until the sails face the wind, so saving the miller work.

A still later form of mill is the smock mill, of which there are many scattered over the country. There is one at Chailey



POST MILL AT ASHURST.

Common. In these the body is octagonal and is fixed, the top only with the sails being turned by means of a vane. A somewhat similar type is the tower mill, the body of which is of brick. One of the two mills at Claydon is of this form, but the sails and the machinery have been removed in order that the body may be used as an annexe to the old mill house. In both these types the sails are high above the ground, and the smock mills are generally encircled by a gallery.

Apart from the tower mills, windmills are mainly built of wood—the walls, the wheels, the sweeps, the apple-wood cogs; in fact, nearly everything except the stones which do the actual grinding. Most of them are painted white, others being black or dark grey, but they look equally picturesque whichever of these colours they may be.

Unfortunately, windmills are fast disappearing. One by one they drop out of use and become derelict, or a fire sweeps them from the land never to be replaced. Of course, they have great drawbacks to contend against. I once went into a windmill during what seemed to me a strong wind and remarked in my ignorance that it was fine weather for grinding. The miller, however, pointed out that he was only crushing oats, the wind not being nearly strong enough for grinding flour. For this a regular gale would seem to be necessary, so that during the summer there must be many long periods when a windmill has great difficulty in paying its way. Occasionally



A VANED POST MILL AT ICKLESHAM.

it receives outside and unexpected help. For instance, some years ago one of our popular daily papers gave a great boom to "standard" bread, and with the demand that arose for it large quantities of stone-ground flour were required by bakers. This gave such windmills as were still in use a further lease of life, but when the boom was no longer needed to help the paper's circulation the matter was dropped, and now if one asks a baker for standard bread one gets nothing but a pitying, contemptuous smile.

Since those days, although so recent, many more mills have fallen out of use, but here and there a windmill still continues gallantly to carry on in spite of the doom hanging over it. In some places on the Downs one can still lie and see on the slopes below the mill-sails whirling round. Shadow



A LATER POST MILL AT MALLING.



A SMOCK MILL ON CHAILEY COMMON.

chases shadow across the turf as the great white clouds sweep over the blue depths of the sky. As

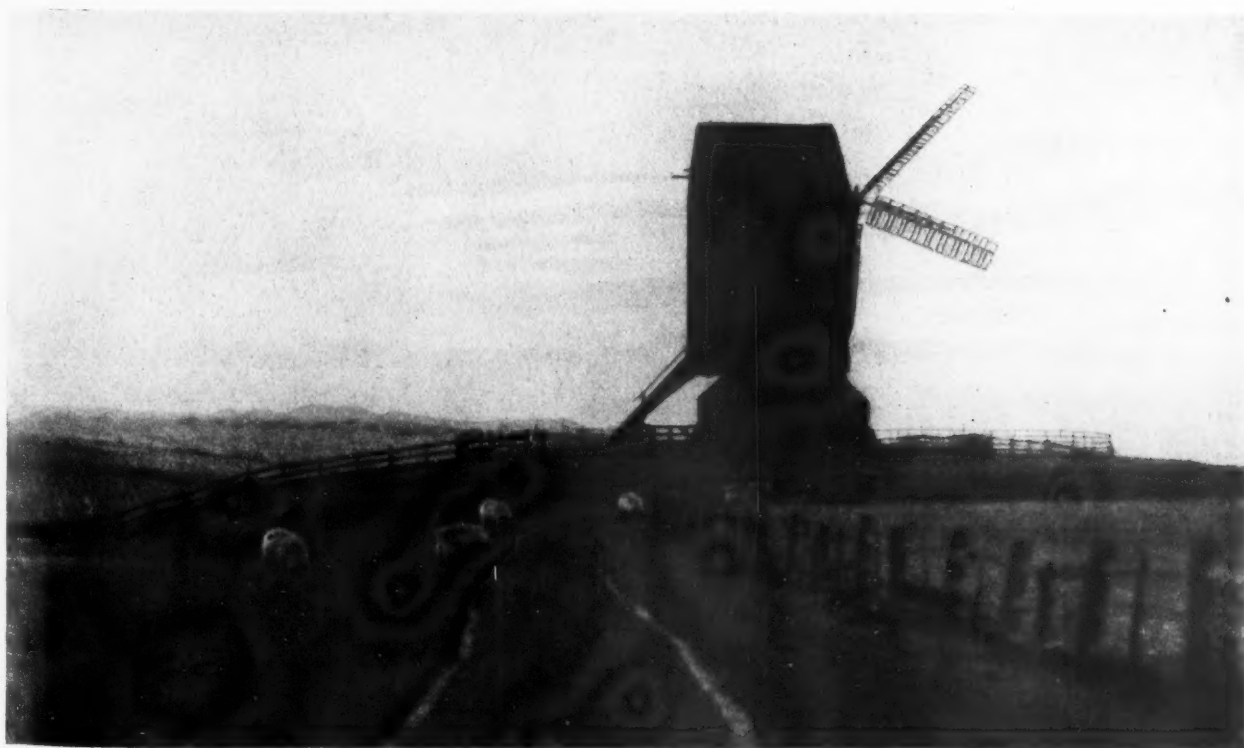
"leaps ashore the full Sou'west
All heavy-winged with brine,"

it speeds madly along the slopes, hurling itself against the mill below. The latter tosses its arms up in glee at the challenge, and the two wrestle strenuously together. The sweep of the sails is most exhilarating and gives the impression of freedom, of wild joy and exaltation, so that one appreciates to the full the feeling of the old Hebrew poet when he cried, "The morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy." So, standing on its eminence, does the windmill shout for joy, and wave its arms in cheerful defiance of the breeze.

If one stands close under the sails of a post mill the terrific downward swoop is overwhelming. However carefully one may have judged the distance one starts back with the feeling that surely the tremendous arm will hurl one to the ground, crushed and lifeless. But before the impulse can be properly acted upon the thing has rushed past with a gigantic chuckle, and its shadow is fleeing away over the grass, only to be followed almost immediately by another swoop, and another mad chase by the shadow. The wild rush of the sweeps through the

air, the creaking of the wooden cogs, the deep clatter and roar of the machinery are akin to the noise on board a large sailing ship in a gale. Both mill and ship defy the wind from which at the same time they draw their very life; both are things of beauty to rejoice the eye; and both are being pushed out of existence by the cruel ugly hand of steam.

Windmills from their nature must have plenty of breathing room. They must stand in a free open space or on a hill slope, and therefore nearly always command a wide view over the surrounding country, for which reason Edward I watched the battle of Crecy from one. For the same reason the windmill is always a landmark for miles around, and adds a romantic beauty to the scenery. Artists from the very beginning of landscape painting have recognised this, but soon, alas, their pictures will be all that there is left to remind us of these irreplaceable objects of beauty, and to show us what we have thoughtlessly and negligently lost. Millionaires bid madly against each other for old masters of doubtful authenticity and still more doubtful artistic merit, and for manuscripts which they never read; but not one ever shows a genuine love for the countryside by taking steps to acquire and preserve in their place such works of art as old windmills.



AT WINCHELSEA.

SOME USES OF GREY PLANTS

By GERTRUDE JEKYLL.

OTHONNOPSIS CHEIRIFOLIA is a plant that must always attract attention. The rather large, fleshy leaves are almost spoon-shaped; they run straight down into the stem without stalks, and are of a bluish, glaucous colour that goes well with others of the grey-leaved plants that are of such value in the arrangement of cool colour effects. The beauty of the plant is in its handsome foliage, for the yellow, daisy-shaped flowers look almost

yuccas, with other grey plants showing beyond on another rocky mound. Near by are more yuccas and a young plant of the great Euphorbia Wulfenii, with a groundwork of Artemisia Stelleriana and the white-bloomed sweet alyssum (Königsa maritima). With this grey setting is a planting of pink ivy geranium Mme. Crousse and pink carnations. Across the path, to the left of this picture, is a continuation of raised border with a background of the large yuccas, the lardy form of Plomum tenax and Euphorbia,

and some bushes of the beautiful grey-leaved Senecio Greyi. This shrubby groundsel is one of the most valuable of the grey-leaved small shrubs. As with othonnopsis, the yellow bloom of middle summer, though it is profuse and showy in its season, is of less value than the good grey of the foliage. The underside of the leaf is almost white with a close, downy covering; this just comes up over the margin, showing as a silver edging to the next, roundish leaves. In front of this solid background of rather large form, all of grey or greyish colouring, there is a planting of drifts of one of the large stonecrops of the Anacampseros class, Scdum Anacampseros Borderii; the bloom is a purplish pink of low tone, and it is used not so much for its own merit as for a harmonious setting to purple and pink and white flowers. These are Platycodon Mariesii, both white and purple; Heliotrope, that good variety, President Garfield, of full purple colouring and sweetest scent; Campanula carpatia and, again, ivy geranium Mme. Crousse, with a continued lower planting of Artemisia Stelleriana and



OTHONNOPSIS CHEIRIFOLIA ON ROCK WALL.

incongruous; even if one has patience with them and allows them to remain, one is glad when their season is past and the plant is again all blue grey. It stands our winters well, though it is a native of North Africa. The popular name is Barbary Rag-wort. It is a plant for bold rockwork or the rock wall in full sun. Placed at the top of a wall, it forms deep, hanging sheets; on a wall 4 ft. 6 ins. high it comes down to the ground; on a higher wall it may possibly do the same. Besides its place on the wall, we have it at the rocky end of a raised bed backed by

the little sweet alyssum, which sows itself afresh year by year. These special plantings of grey and glaucous foliage with flowers of pink, white and purple colouring are not only delightful in themselves, but most refreshing to the eye after passing large groupings of strong, warm colouring.

ANNUALS TO SOW NOW.

When sowing annuals do not omit anchusa annual blue. It is a very attractive little plant with pure blue flowers that last over a long season. Plants from March and April sowings come into full bloom by July. Grown in clumps with other hardy annuals, such as mignonette, nigella, sweet alyssum, candytuft, clarkia, Shirley poppies and sweet sultans, it makes a glorious display. Moreover, the anchusa is a great favourite of bees, and is preferred by them to almost all other annuals. It is quite an easy matter to have a garden of annual flowers. Moreover, they do well on poor ground, and may be grown without the aid of manure. Cultivators often err in providing too rich a soil for annuals. With the possible exception of sweet peas they may be grown to perfection on unmanured ground. Hardy annuals may be sown where they are to remain. When sowing do not omit, in addition to those already mentioned, the everlasting flowers or helichrysums, cornflowers, annual chrysanthemums or crown daisies, and two pretty flowers much sought after by bees, Phacelia tanacetifolia and Limnanthes Douglasii. H. C.



THE GREY-LEAVED SENECIO GREYI.

ENGLISH SILVER PLATE

BELONGING TO FIELD-MARSHAL LORD METHUEN, G.C.B.

A VERY exceptional piece of silver plate will come under Messrs. Christie's hammer on the 25th inst, (Fig. 1). It is an English cup dating from the middle of the fifteenth century. The stem and also the ball surmounting the cover are of crystal, the rest is silver gilt. Round the cover and the bowl, incised in characters and spelling of the period, run words of this meaning :

If that thou hast a friend of long
Suppose he sumtimes do thee wrong
Oppress him not but have in mind
The kindness that afor has been.

At thy board when thou art set
Think on the poor standing at thy gate
Love God, do law, keep charity
Sua. Sal. All grace abundant be.

While the Latin motto,

Quidquid agas, sapienter agas et respice finem.

In later, probably sixteenth century, lettering there are engraved on the band round the crystal stem the words "Ex dono. G.D" and the letters ^{E.}_{B.M.}, which are, unfortunately, not enough to give a clue to the origin or ancient ownership of this delightful and rare example of our late Gothic craftsmanship.

It is essentially a museum or collector's piece, and it will be most regrettable if it leaves this country. Nor can we fail to be sorry that the fine early eighteenth century table silver, closely linked with the lives of historic members of the Methuen family, is to be scattered to the winds and lose the very considerable interest that personal association gives.

Lord Methuen's ancestor, we are told, came to Scotland out of Hungary in the eleventh century with Edgar, the English Atheling, and his sister Margaret, who was to wed Malcolm III. That Scottish King bestowed upon his consort's attendant the lands which formed the lordship of Methven, where the family became seated and whence they threw off subsidiary branches. Such were two sixteenth century brothers who were among the still Catholic Scotland's early Protestants. One of them, John Methuen, fled to England, and his son Paul, taking Anglican orders, became a Prebendary of Wells. His son Anthony followed in his footsteps, and among other preferments obtained the Vicarage of Frome, where he lived and, in 1640, was buried. He is said to have been a man of means even before he married the "daughter and sole heiress of Thomas Taylor of Bristol." That very probably introduced the commercial element, and their son Paul became, as we are told by his Wiltshire contemporary, Aubrey, "the greatest Cloathier of his time" and "succeeded his father-in-law in the trade." The latter was John Ashe, of a Somerset landowning family, but having large interests in the woollen industry of the Wiltshire border town of Bradford-on-Avon. Here Paul Methuen established himself, and here, after his death in 1667, his business was carried on by his younger son, Anthony, to whom he left several manors across the Avon in Somerset.

His elder son, John, he destined for the Bar. He becomes a Master in Chancery in 1685 and Lord Chancellor of Ireland twelve years later. But he gives only a limited time to judicial duties, being much employed on matters where knowledge of and influence in trade are requisite. He is a member of the Council of Trade, and in 1691 first goes on a mission to Portugal. In 1795 his son Paul, being then twenty-five years old, becomes our representative in that country, but the father returns there in 1702 and it is he who, in the following year, signs the commercial treaty whereby preference is given by England to Portuguese wines, and by Portugal to English woollens. The Methuen Treaty was long lasting and important. It was the strongest link in the close association of the two countries.

The successful Ambassador appears to have acquired some important pieces of plate on his return. A circular dish over 25 ins. across, with gadrooned edge and elaborately mantled arms in the centre, was made by Pierre Harache in 1703, together with a rosewater ewer (Fig. 2, centre). In the same year John Gibbons and Andrew Moore made a dessert service consisting of two large and eight small *tazze*, twenty-four plates and the pair of covered cups that are illustrated (Fig. 2, ends). The Methuen arms, with the same characteristic mantling, appear on all the above-mentioned pieces, as well as on three silver gilt casters made by George Garthorne two years later (Fig. 3). But on pieces dating from 1714 we find the Royal Arms and the cypher of George I. John Methuen died in 1706. A year before that Paul had finally returned from Portugal and held various offices at home until displaced by Harley's Tory ministry. But with the coming of the Hanoverians he was again a *persona grata*. He is



FIG. 1.—CUP AND COVER. English, silver gilt, the stem formed of an octagonal rock crystal column encircled by a silver band, the cover surmounted by a crystal ball and silver gilt serpent emblematic of Eternity. Middle of fifteenth century. Height, 7 ins. Makers' mark, "Vh."



FIG. 2.—ROSEWATER EWER. Gadrooned bands and cut cardwork on body, mask and shell below lip, handle as a female caryatid. Engraved with the Methuen arms. Height, 12 ins. By Pierre Harache, 1703. A PAIR OF CUPS AND COVERS (part of a dessert service). Height, 8½ ins. By John Gibbons and Andrew Moore, 1703.

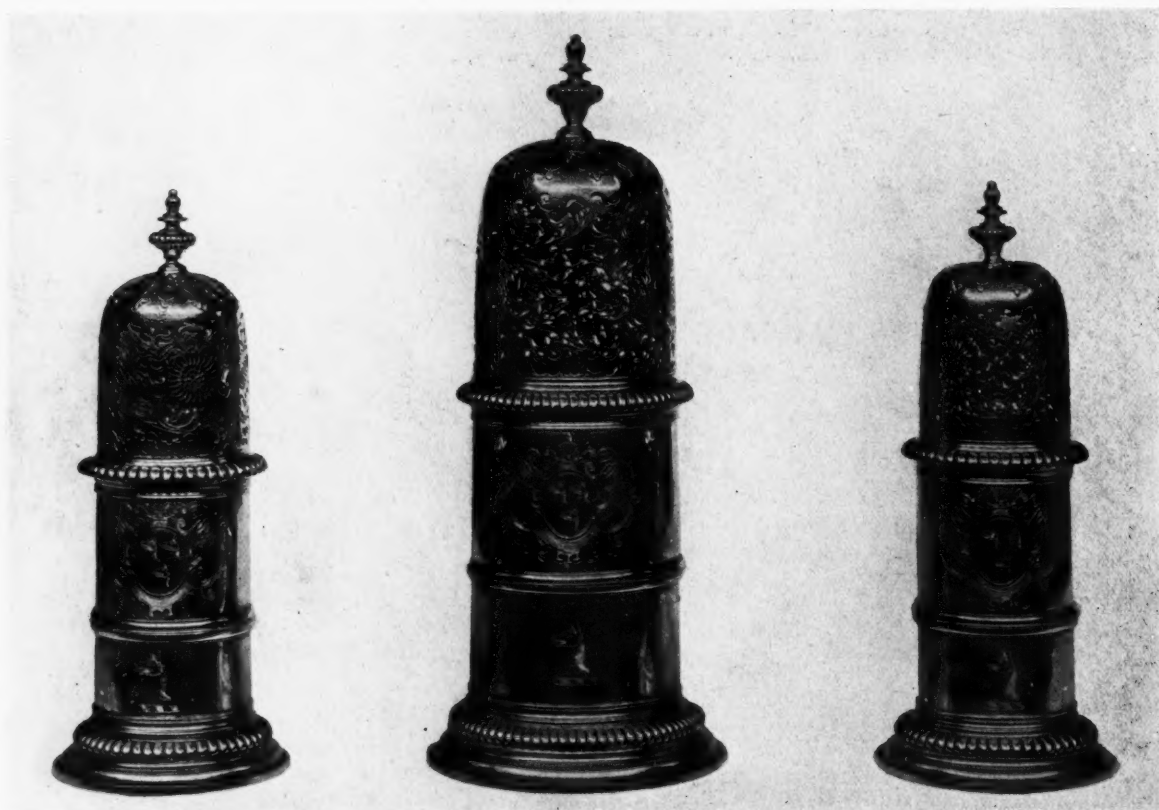


FIG. 3.—THREE SILVER GILT CASTERS. Gadroon borders, tops pierced with flower and foliage surmounted by cut cardwork and small vases. Height, 9½ ins. and 7½ ins. By Geo. Garthorne. Circa 1705.



FIG. 4.—A PAIR OF SAUCE-BOATS. River gods and shells on feet, cartouche and laurel branches on sides, dragon handles. By Isaac Duke, 1743.



FIG. 5.—THREE PLAIN OCTAGONAL CASTERS. Royal Arms and cypher of George I. By Lewis Mettayer, 1714.
A PAIR OF PLAIN OVAL CREAM EWERS. By Paul Crespin, 1738-9.

of the Privy Council in 1714, and sent as Ambassador to Spain. It was probably in his ambassadorial capacity that the Royal plate was given him. The finest pieces are a pair of cups and covers, made in 1714 by Phil. Rolles. They are over 15ins. high, and their most striking decorative features are the bands of applied strapwork with masks and swags above and below the centre rib (Fig. 6). The same arms occur on four dozens of forks and the same number of spoons, and again on three sugar casters (Fig. 5), and on a dessert service consisting of sixteen dishes, of which the five largest are fan-shaped (Fig. 7). They were made in 1714 by Lewis Mettayer, who also, at the same date, supplied Paul Methuen with some pieces bearing his own arms. In 1720 he became Comptroller and then Treasurer of the Household. Later he opposed Sir Robert Walpole, which accounts for Horace Walpole calling him "a dull, formal romantic braggadochio," while to Lady Mary Wortley Montagu he appeared "handsome and well made, with wit enough." He continued adding to his plate so as to keep pace with his "genial hospitality." A very richly decorated pair of sauce-boats, with handles shaped as dragons (Fig. 4), were made by Isaac Duke in 1743, and cream ewers by Paul Crespin have the mark for 1738-9 (Fig. 5); while 1749 is the date of a pair of candlesticks weighing 156ozs., the stems formed as Chinese figures supporting baskets on their heads.

Paul Methuen was never married, and when he died much of his real and personal property went to the grandson of Anthony Methuen whom we saw carrying on the clothier business at Bradford-on-Avon. It was his son Thomas who purchased the great house and estate of Corsham, which has remained the seat of his descendants. His great-grandson was created Lord Methuen of Corsham in 1838, and pieces of silver of his date and having his coronet are included in the forthcoming sale. His grandson is the present peer, whose career as a soldier, yielding him the reward of a field-marshal's *bâton*, is known and appreciated by all.

H. AVRAY TIPPING.



FIG. 6.—ONE OF A PAIR OF CUPS AND COVERS with applied strapwork masks and swags, Royal Arms and cypher of George I. Height, 15½ins. By Phil. Rolles, 1714.



FIG. 7.—ONE ROUND DISH (diameter 11ins.) and two fan-shaped dishes (13½ins. wide). Part of a dessert set. Royal Arms and cypher of George I. By Lewis Mettayer, 1714.



SWEEPING round the high ground upon which Shrewsbury stands, the Severn almost encompasses the perched up town that looks down upon the flats stretching to north and east and, of old, parts of the possessions of the great Abbey, founded by Roger de Montgomery, to whom William the Conqueror gave the Shrewsbury earldom in 1071. The Abbey itself was built just across the river and from the last house of the town a fortified stone bridge stretched in mediæval times across to the Abbey precincts, thus set on the English, or safer, side of the strongly posted border town. A few hundred yards beyond and eastward of the Abbey the monks had their chief grange or home farm, handy for their supervision and supply as well as for the working of the agricultural fields and meadows that stretched far out into the country.

The lands of the Abbey passed to various and successive owners after the Dissolution, and under Elizabeth the home farm and a large acreage became the property of a successful Shrewsbury citizen and lawyer, who thereon built himself a country house, which remains little changed to this day, although most of the estate has gone from it and only its own ample grounds separate it from an increasing suburb, where modern buildings jostle with timber-framed dwellings of Elizabethan times or comfortable brick houses of post-Restoration type, for the Abbey Foregate, as the suburb was and is called, has ever been of residential importance.

Here John Prince, Master of the Leper Hospital of St. Giles, occupied a messuage and garden, of which he obtained the freehold in 1546, together with other property, including

"two shops upon the stone bridge." A view of the mediæval bridge, as it was before its replacement by the new one in 1768, shows a continuance of brick built shops. But the older ones, strutted out on timbers, such as John Prince owned, were apt to disappear, for we hear of the collapse of some of them in 1579, and that "the falling of those houses was through a floate of woodd which comy'ge a mayne downe strocke by chance upon the weeck propps of those old shoppes and so lowsyd theyr stay and fell into the water." A score of years before this John Prince had passed away, leaving a capable son to inherit and increase the family possessions. Born about 1525, Richard Prince had been admitted a Burgess of Shrewsbury in 1551, and three years later was of the Middle Temple. In 1559 he sits for Bridgenorth in the House of Commons, and in 1569 is Feodary of Salop. No doubt he was a legal link between London and Shrewsbury, then the most important business and administrative centre on the Marches of Wales. Certainly he was able to acquire the greater part of the estate that had belonged to and abutted on the Abbey and was known as the manor of Abbey Foregate. Thus we find the Elizabethan chronicler of Shrewsbury affairs making the entry in 1581-82:

This yeare and in the sayde moonthe of Marche 1582 the famus howse in the Abbe foryate in the towne of Shrewsberie sytuate by a greate barne callyd the Abbotts barne was boyldid by one master Prynce Lawyar callid master Pryncs place: the foundaçon began in Marche 1578 so was iiij yeares in buyldinge to hys greate chardge wth fame to hym and hys posterite for ev'.

When the house, of which we get the origin so clearly set down, came to be known as Whitehall, does not appear. Probably





Copyright.

2.—THE HOUSE FROM THE SOUTH-WEST.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

3.—THE HOUSE FROM THE NORTH-EAST

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

4.—THE WEST, OR ORIGINAL, ENTRANCE FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

not until the eighteenth century, when the practice of whitewashing it began and was continued until fairly recent times. Prince's Place was evidently its original name, and its successive Prince owners describe themselves in wills and other such documents as of "Monks Foriate" or "Abbey Foregate," and never of Whitehall.

It is an example of the not very usual square Elizabethan house, Boyton in Wiltshire being another that shows the same arrangement of three gables to each side. The mediæval hall, occupying a central position and flanked by outstretching wings, which was still the fashion under Elizabeth, is entirely discarded, and there is no break of any kind on any one of the four elevations, except to the east (Fig. 3) where a garderobe excrescence has been allowed to break the symmetry. On every side, but the south, tall chimney shafts, built of brick and charmingly clustered and moulded, rise between the gables. Set in the centre of the roof area is an octagonal cupola, contrived as a lookout. We know that there was one so placed in the great house that Sir Baptist Hicks built himself at Chipping Campden under James I. But such cupolas in the sixteenth century generally surmounted staircase turrets set in the angles of outer walls, as at Plaish in Shropshire and Grove House in Hampshire. The central cupola became a habit only with Inigo Jones and his followers as an incident of their platform roofs, as we have recently seen at Coleshill and Thorpe. The Whitehall example has evidently been renewed, but on the old lines, which the interior structure of

the house indicates. The whole of the interior walls are timber framed, and we know that Richard Prince made a large purchase of oaks in the year when he began his building. Oak was the favourite building material in Elizabethan Shrewsbury, and the many timber framed houses of that period which still remain form one of the attractions of this picturesque town. But Richard Prince evidently had at hand, in the shape of the ruined conventual buildings, abundance of the red sandstone which had so largely composed mediæval Shrewsbury, and this he used for the outer walls of his mansion, as well as for the gate-house (Fig. 1), through which is its proper approach. The round headed archway is still fitted with the original massive oak, iron-studded door, in the centre of which is a little wicket just big enough to allow of bent backed ingress. The large room above—approached by a solid treaded oak newel stair—is still as Richard Prince left it (Fig. 10). The old glass is in the windows, the arch in the fireplace. The wainscoting is of plain oak panels, with stiles worked in the solid.

Through the gate-house archway a paved way leads up to the west front of the house. What Richard Prince's doorway was like we can only guess, for the present porch and flight of steps up to it must certainly have been a change made by his younger son. Much as the designer of the house—who may well have been the Walter Hancock who built Condover (*COUNTRY LIFE*, Vol. XLIII, p. 513)—was inclined towards symmetry, his plan did not admit of the front door being directly under the central gable. The hall takes up two-thirds of this elevation and, being entered behind screens, the door had to be close to its north end. This controlled the arrangement of the apertures, of which there are four each to ground and first floors, one of these, directly under a window, being the doorway. Hence it was well not to draw particular attention to it, and it was probably unobtrusive and conformable to the window scheme until the protective convenience of a porch led to that feature being added. On the south side, where there was no such difficulty, the spacing of the windows is exact under the gables, two of those on the ground floor belonging to the oak parlour, which in length occupies two-thirds of this side, as the hall does of the west side. A larger and smaller sitting-room take up the north side, while the staircase is placed in the central section of the east side, an entrance, now habitually used, being devised under its return flight and half way down to the basement, where the offices are located. Beyond the garden area on the east side is the farmery, the great barn building, with its massive oak roof, being no doubt Richard Prince's adaptation and repair of what he found remaining from the monkish régime. He will likewise have rebuilt the columbarium (Fig. 5), an octagon structure of bricks, certainly no older than Richard Prince's time, and which for his contiguous garden wall he grafted on to the earlier stone. The arched corbelling of moulded brick is remarkable and unusual. Though dating well on in our Early Renaissance period, it is very Gothic in character. That, however, survived strongly in Shrewsbury throughout the Elizabethan age, as we shall find when we discuss its timber framed houses.

Richard Prince had married early, but his wife's death in 1584 found him childless. So next year he married again. He was now fifty years old, but his young second wife bore him four sons and four daughters, of whom the youngest was a baby when he died in 1598. His widow—a daughter of another Salopian worthy, William Leighton, whom we met at Plaish (*COUNTRY LIFE*, Vol. XLI, p. 520) outlived him forty years, and during the minority of her eldest son, Francis, ruled the house of the Abbey Foregate manor. To that estate had been added others in Shropshire and Montgomeryshire, for Richard Prince had evidently been not only a money making, but a money saving man. Not so Francis, who liked a gay and expensive life. His means and social position



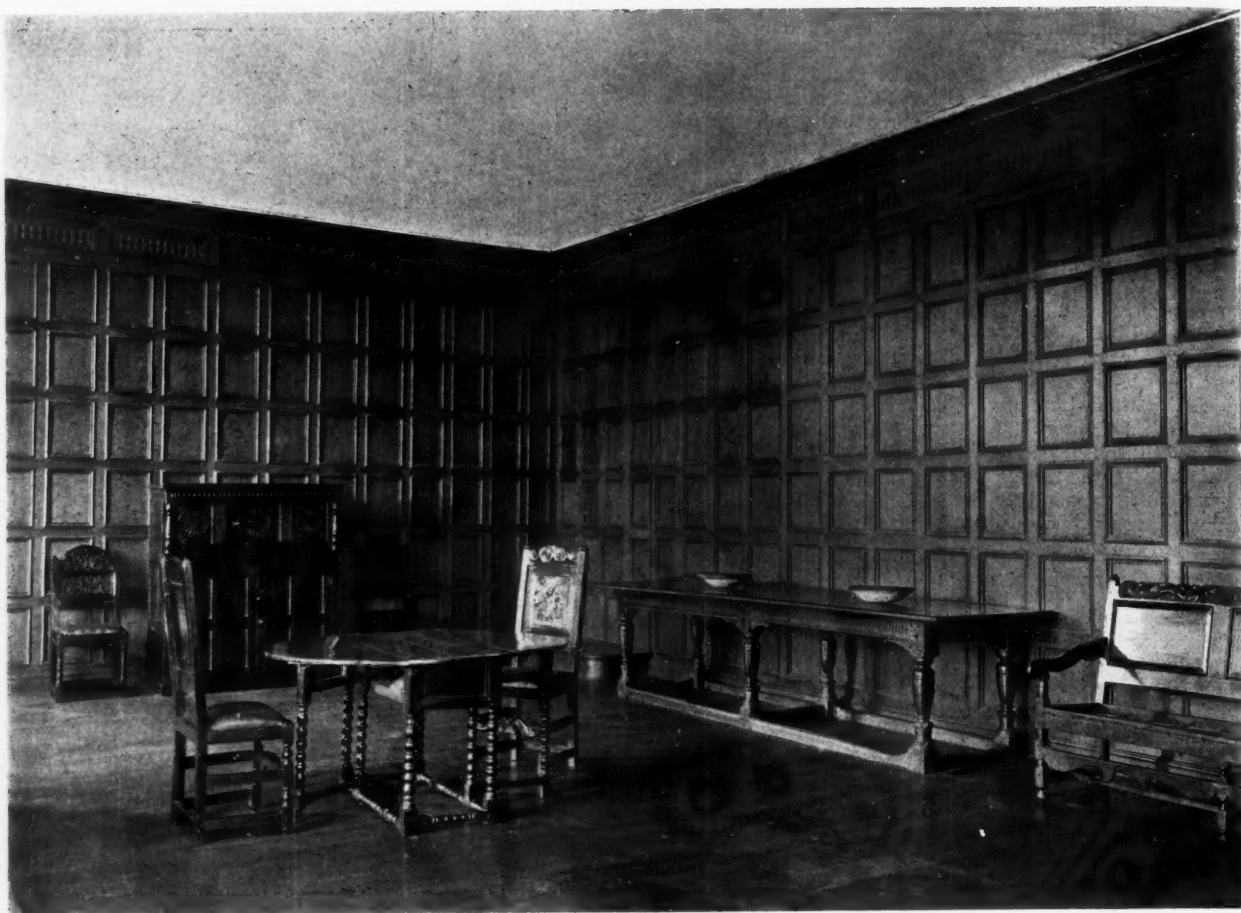
Copyright.

5.—THE DOVECOT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



6.—THE PORCH SEEN THROUGH THE GATE-HOUSE ARCH.



Copyright.

7.—THE OAK PARLOUR.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

8.—THE HALL.

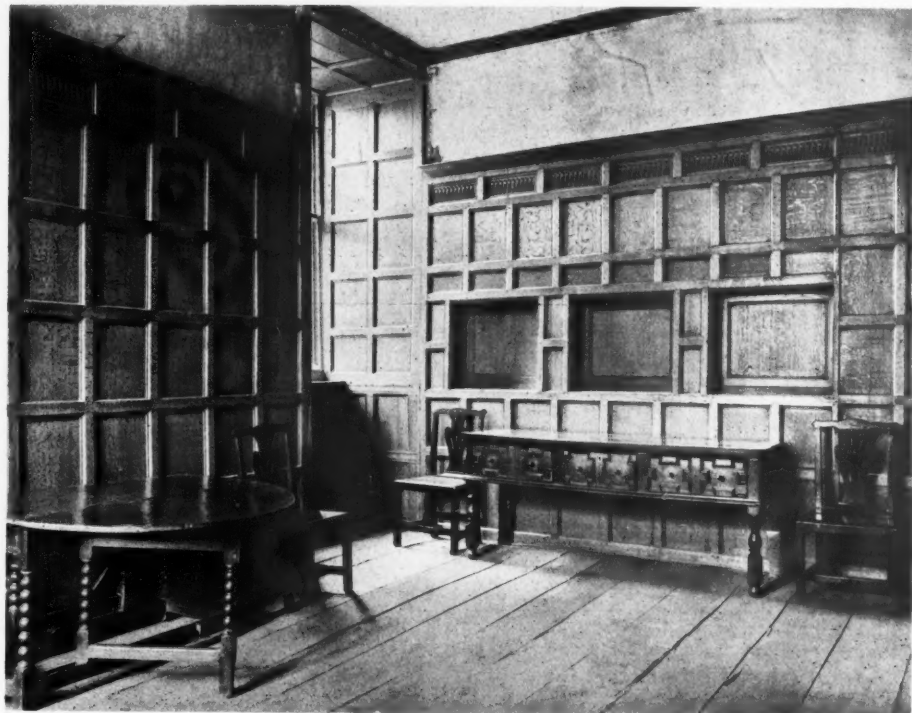
"COUNTRY LIFE."

Showing the chimneypiece on the west side and the screen on the north side.

secured him knighthood, King James dubbing him at Theobalds in 1611. As his successor's monument in the Abbey church tells us that the family property had been "almost ruined through the misfortunes of a somewhat improvident brother," it would seem that Richard Prince's accretions would not long have withstood Francis's depletions, since it only took him six years to effect such measure of ruin as befel. Some little mystery hangs over his death, for it occurred in 1615, and in the Shrewsbury Corporation records of that year there are references to an intended duel. Thus we read that Richard Harries, the common sergeant, paid sums "to divers watchmen and warders to attend and keep the King's peace when it was rumoured in town that Sir Francis Prynce and Sir John Vernon were to feight." Whether the duel took place and was attended with fatal consequences or whether Sir Francis died later in the year from natural causes does not transpire. Dying childless, he was succeeded by his younger brother, who inherited both the Christian name and the strength of character of the father. Despite the difficult times that ensued and the fines imposed upon him as a Royalist by the victorious Parliament, Sir Richard Prince restored and increased the family fortunes and established in life his ten children. But in 1703 the male line of Prince ended and the estates passed to a great-granddaughter, Mary, wife to Sir John Astley of Patshull. Her mother then resided at Whitehall, but after her death in 1724 the Astleys appeared to have preferred it to the old house at Patshull, which Sir John afterwards replaced by the present one. The Astley *ménage*, however, was inharmonious, and we hear how Sir John built himself a separate domicile in the Abbey Foregate known as New Hall, which intercepted much of the fine distant view from his wife's windows. She retaliated by setting up in front of New Hall a row of mean cottages, which her husband had to blot out with a high wall. Despite his rebuilding of Patshull, he continued, even after his wife's death, his interest in Shrewsbury, taking the lead in the rebuilding of the English Bridge of which he laid the first stone in 1768.

The only son of Sir John and Lady Astley died unmarried in his father's lifetime, and a daughter, married to the Earl of Tankerville, inherited her mother's property. We learn from a careful MS. account of the place, recently compiled by that excellent Shrewsbury archæologist, Mr. H. E. Forrest, that Whitehall saw several tenants before it was sold in 1835 to Dr. Samuel Butler, who died four years later as Bishop of Lichfield. In 1858 it passed by purchase to his son-in-law, Archdeacon Lloyd. Some alterations had before that been made in the Georgian manner, no doubt during the occupation of Lady Astley, but, luckily, neither by her nor by subsequent owners were the wainscotings of the principal rooms removed, although there were "restorations" in the manner which then gained acceptance,

but which this generation deems unfortunate. On Mr. Foster's recent purchase of the house old wainscotings were stripped of paint where that had been added, or of coats of stain and varnish where these produced a bad colour or obscured the exceptionally fine figure of the cleft oak panels. The oak parlour (Fig. 7) and the little dining-room (Fig. 9), are excellent examples of simple treatment. In the latter the stiles are moulded, in the former a bolection moulding is added. We find this treatment also in



Copyright.

9.—THE LITTLE DINING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Occupying the north-west corner of the house.



Copyright.

10.—THE UPPER ROOM OF THE GATE-HOUSE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

the hall (Fig. 8), where screen and chimneypiece are elaborated. The screen has fluted pilasters supporting the entablature—of which the frieze has long carved panels—and flanking the three sections of wainscotings and the two openings. Whether these were originally fitted with doors is uncertain. Mr. Foster, who has just sold the place to Captain Dugdale, found late deal ones and changed them for oak, designed to carry out the rest of the screen, as the hall was hardly useable

as a sitting-room if open to the entrance passage and porch. The mantelpiece design is in harmony with the screen, but richer. The capitals of the upper pilasters are Ionic, not Doric, and the panels are elaborated by carving, cut mouldings and geometric inlay. Scarcely any repair was necessary for the woodwork, but the stone fire arch had to be renewed. Ceiling and plaster frieze were found plain, and the plasterwork has been introduced. There is very interesting Elizabethan plasterwork still remaining in some of the old houses in the town as well as in the county, such as Wilderhope and Upton Cressett, and it is extremely likely that such was used by Richard Prince. How far he went in the decoration of his house is uncertain. The reserved and geometrical treatment of the hall woodwork, as well as the added bolection moulding of the panels, are Jacobean rather than Elizabethan and may very well be additions by his younger son after he succeeded in 1615, when it is surmised that he also added the porch, which is designed in the same manner. Of the four important first floor chambers—occupying the angles of the house—three are oak wainscoted, while two small ones—each having a window under the central gable of the

west side—were decorated with arabesque frescoing on the plaster or on canvas stretched across the deep oak studding. Considerable portions of this were found under coats of whitewash and have been retained, the much obliterated parts in one of the rooms having been retouched in order to perpetuate this somewhat rare survival of a perishable mode of decoration largely used during our Early Renaissance period. Another survival, belonging no doubt to the house from its inception, is the oak table, with fluted bulbous legs, that now occupies the centre of the hall. It was originally a draw-out table of the finest type, such as we find at Hardwick. It was one of the heavy and unappreciated pieces that had long ago been relegated to the basement. Cut about and fitted for their new and mean purpose, they had passed as fixtures at the various sales of the place. The table has been repaired, but the lost draw-out portions have not been renewed. It looks remarkably well and appropriate amid the other pieces of well selected oak furniture which Mr. Foster gathered together to give the rooms the full flavour of the age when Richard Prince built and inhabited his “famous howse.”

H. AVRAY TIPPING.

THE NEW FOREST HUNT

WHEN “Nimrod” was spending a fortnight in the New Forest in the reign of George IV he met the famous Billy Butler, one of the keenest of hunting parsons. Butler told him that for “forty years he had spent April in the Forest in order to enjoy the spring hunting,” but gave it as his opinion that in forty years more fox-hunting in the Forest would only be talked of as having been. Yet, when I write this, a century later, fox-hunting is more flourishing than ever. Nevertheless, fox-hunting in the Forest has had its ups and downs. There was at the time “Nimrod” wrote a scarcity of foxes. Once before this foxes were scarce in the Forest, but that was when the Duke of Richmond at Boldrewood, Lord Eglinton at Somerley, and the Duke of Bolton at Burley Lodge, two miles from Boldrewood, all claimed or assumed the right to hunt foxes in the Royal Forest. We are at a loss to imagine how they managed at all, for the Forest as a fox-hunting country will stand three days and a bye, but, as Mr. Gerald Lascelles says, is hardly a four days a week country. A late Master told me that he could reckon

on two foxes a day hunting four days a week. The only Master who found too many foxes was Sir Reginald Graham. On the other hand, there are enough for sport. There is no doubt that the late Deputy Surveyor of the Forest, Mr. Lascelles, did a good deal for the preservation of foxes. There are two features of the Forest hunting which make the number of foxes appear less than they are in reality. In the first place, foxes are hard to find. Owing to the wide extent of forest and moorland there are so many places that a fox may lie in; there are, too, refuges in which he can remain securely hidden—for example, the deep, overgrown drains. Into one of these a fox can slip when he hears the hunt approaching. There hounds will never find him. Secondly, the Forest is, without exception, the most difficult ground for a huntsman to kill a fox in. Sir Reginald Graham, who hunted the country well, had an excellent pack of hounds, first-rate hunt servants and, as noted above, an ample supply of foxes, only killed nineteen brace in his best season. There are times when the Forest carries a wonderful scent, especially after Christmas, when the bracken has died down or is cleared away.



THE END OF THE DAY.



A DECEMBER DAY WITH THE NEW FOREST, NEAR FRITHAM.



THE MASTER, CAPTAIN GEORGE MEYRICK.

The hound work in the Forest is often very pretty. "Nimrod," who saw a brilliant five-and-twenty minutes with Mr. Nicoll's hounds, writes: "The first part was over the open and the latter among bushes and trees where the quick turning to scent and cry was beautiful to those who could see it." This last proviso is necessary, but, nevertheless, the Forest is so well rided, the woodlands as a rule so open, that it is possible to get about and to see what hounds are doing, always provided we do not let our attention wander from the business in hand. There may be more foxes in other countries, but I have never seen with my own eyes so many as when hunting in the New Forest. The nature of the coverts is such that sooner or later a fox must cross a ride. We can view him without harm and not have the feeling that I have in most countries that if I see the fox I am where I ought not to be. But a certain number of foxes lie out in the open, and the bog which the artist has drawn to illustrate the dangers of the Forest to the unwary might perhaps hold a fox. I know one ex-Master who has an extraordinary knowledge of the haunts of Forest foxes. After

a long draw he will say, "I expect he is in this bog"; and there, lying in some dry, soft place, the fox is. I must, however, confess that of all the countries, not excepting Exmoor, I have hunted in, nowhere have I been more often lost than in the Forest.

The plight of the stranger in that lonely ride in the picture appeals to me: it has often been my own. A sharp turn—and foxes often turn very short in the Forest—will throw one out; or an attempt, against which I hereby warn all visitors to the Forest, to make a short cut to hounds. Just imagine the pack, chiming and glancing through the trees, and a rider, anxious not to lose touch with them, pushes through some tempting opening, only to find himself barred from further progress by a thick clump of holly. By the time he gets back to the ride hounds are gone, and, like the rider in the sketch, we listen for the sound of the horn. Now, it so happens that there are certain still, grey, soft days in the Forest when sound carries well (these, by the way, are generally scenting days) and the Forest is full of sounds. All hunting people know the crow of a distant cock as a means of deception. In the Forest there is often the echo of a motor horn from the road a mile or two away; but in my experience worst of all is the hoot of an owl from the depth of the wood. In the Forest, at all events, owls may and do hoot at any hour of the day, and at a distance their cry bears a close resemblance to the holloa of a whipper-in or the cheer of a huntsman. I have often ridden about for an hour quite lost, and once or twice have had to give in and go home. For the stranger there are one or two rules which may be useful. The first is never to lose sight of the hounds if you can help it; but if you cannot—and this is certainly not always possible in the Forest—then keep your eye on the Hon. Secretary Mr. Wingrove, who knows the Forest by heart and is a kindly Providence to strangers.

Just now there is a peculiar seasonableness about the sketch "Bogged," for in wet weather such as we are having the bogs are naturally much deeper and more extensive than in dry seasons. The bogs of the Forest do, in fact, claim every year a certain number of ponies and heifers, but I never heard of their engulfing a rider. But it is quite possible for us to keep clear of them. An observant eye soon learns to distinguish between bogs and sound ground by the vegetation. Then, heather-covered ground is always safe, and where water stands there is generally a firm bottom. But a rule which is perhaps the best for strangers is one I have often suggested and practised with considerable success for a number of years: If you are fortunate enough to be with hounds in a country where there is reason to expect bogs, this rule is always to keep one man, preferably an official, between you and the hounds. If he swerves aside it is a hint, or if he falls in—and I have seen a huntsman intent on his hounds do this—then you can avoid doing likewise.



BOGGED!

But the Forest is not all bogs or woodlands. There are wide open heather-clad plains, over which hounds will race and horses drop into that comfortable, swinging stride which feels as if it would go on for ever. As a matter of fact, bogs are picturesque in description; but they are, to my mind, by no means the worst dangers of forest or moor. I never have gone out to ride over Exmoor or the New Forest with much dread of spending time in a bog; but of rabbit holes, of peat holes and, above all, of hidden wheel tracks under the heather, I have a wholesome dread. For this reason I do not care for a great-striding hunter, but greatly prefer a handy horse, about 15h., that can shorten its stride in time. In fact, if weight will allow it, a blood polo pony is an ideal ride for the

Forest. Handy among the trees, fast over the open, quick in difficulties, a blood polo pony with a dash of native pony in it is the best Forest hunter. Blood one must have, pace one needs if one is to enjoy the sport of the Forest. Most of us, however, require substance too. The Forest can be, and often is, very deep and holding, and is consequently hard on horses.

But if I write for a week I shall not be able to tell the experienced horseman as much about riding over the Forest as he may learn from the picture of Fritham Plain in December. The pleasures and the difficulties, the picturesque wildness of Forest hunting are all set out there. Of the artistic merit of the drawing it is not for me to speak here, but as illustration of the poetry of the chase in a wild country there has been nothing better. Hunting in the Forest, as can be seen, has its charms. It stands by itself. Except on Exmoor, you can in the Forest obtain more hunting with a small stable of horses than anywhere else. Of course, most people know the Forest best in the spring, when from all the hunts in England men and women collect to lengthen out their season. I have been out when, as I have



NOWHERE HAVE I BEEN MORE OFTEN LOST THAN IN THE NEW FOREST.

and with the help of George Carter of the Fitzwilliam, bought some of Sir George Meyrick's hounds and some of the Burton—twenty-five couples in all—and these, with a few other drafts, were the nucleus of the present pack. Some two seasons ago the Committee bought some of Mr. Scott Browne's hounds, which have done very well.

Island Thorns, of which there is an admirable sketch in the picture of the "End of the Day," was, during Sir Reginald Graham's time, the starting point of a great run, perhaps one of the fastest ever seen in the Forest. Sixteen couples of dog hounds roused a fox in some gorse not far from the Island Thorns. They were off at once, and raced him over to the north of the Forest, between Gorley and Fording-bridge, where they killed him in the open. Time, thirty-three minutes, all in the open. This is a six or seven mile point. Mr. Bradburne of Lyburn, who was afterwards Master of these hounds, told Sir Reginald Graham at the time: "Wherever you go, all your life you will never see such a gallop as that again."

X.

THE GREATEST of ENGLISH KINGS

Henry V, by R. B. Mowat. (Constable.)

MR. MOWAT has made a splendid study of England's greatest warrior King. It is no impassioned eulogy, but a piece of history buttressed on every side by reference to the earliest and most trustworthy authorities. At first, indeed, the reader may have an impression that the writer goes too much by documents, especially the records of the Privy Council. State papers were not likely to make any but absolutely necessary reference to the sowing of wild oats with which legend and tradition have credited Prince Hal. It is easy to show that Shakespeare, whose play "Henry V" is really an epic showing the birth of England's greatness, was not finicking about dates or even facts. The material he had before him was evidently Holinshed's Chronicle and the earlier play. It was scarcely worth while for Mr. Mowat to evoke the Muse of History in order to show that the dramatic rivalry between the two Henrys, the Prince and Hotspur, was but a literary artifice, and that the merry, worthless ne'er-do-weels of the play, whose doings have excited

the laughter of every generation since, were offsprings of the poet's imagination, not historical figures. Falstaff, Bardolph, Pym, Pistol, must be reckoned as children of Shakespeare's creative mind. The names were probably chosen for no other reason than that the poet liked them. Chronology plays havoc with the idea that at Shrewsbury the Prince had promised his father

I will redeem all this on Percy's head,
And, in the closing of some glorious day,
Be bold to tell you, that I am your son. . . .

Hotspur at that time was a man of middle age; Prince Henry was a boy of sixteen, facts which seem to make controversy superfluous. What is most astonishing is the knowledge shown by Shakespeare of the state of the Scottish Borders at that time. There never was a more satisfactory portrait of Hotspur, exaggerated though it is, than is to be found in the words he puts into the mouth of the Prince:

I am not yet of Percy's mind, the Hotspur of the north; he that kills me some six or seven dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his

hands, and says to his wife, "Fi upon this quiet life! I want work." "O my sweet Harry," says she, "how many hast thou killed to-day?" "Give my roan horse a drench," says he; and answers, "Some fourteen," an hour after,— "a trifle, a trifle."

It shows how great and widespread was the renown of Percy. The play, however, is beyond criticism. Never was Shakespeare so inspired with noble patriotism as when he wrote it. He recognised, as all thinking men did, that under Henry V England had emerged from a weak to a commanding position.

Henry had a very thorough preparation for the part he was to play. His education was practically finished at the age of twelve, and shortly after we find him taking part in the endless warfare of the Welsh Borders. Even then, it may be noted in passing, though hardly germane to Mr. Mowat's theme, that the connection between the Welsh and the house of Percy had become very close. The bowmen who were chiefly responsible for winning the battle of Homildon Hill were not English, but Welsh, as has been shown from the muster roll. The Prince had come into the world as rather a weakly child, but robustness seems to have been gained as he grew older, and Richard II, among others, had noticed that he had the making of a great warrior. He came to the throne at twenty-five and died at thirty-five, so that his brief but illustrious career bears, in this respect, a close resemblance to that of Alexander the Great. In character he bore little resemblance to those who had preceded him on the throne. His countrymen worshipped him, and there is little cause to quarrel with the view taken by the French historians. The French historian, Juvenal des Ursins, who had no love for the English, paid him this tribute:

The said king in his time, at least since he came into France, had been of a high and great courage, valiant in arms, prudent, sage, and a great Justicier, who, without exception of persons, did as good justice to little as to great persons, according to the needs of the case. He was feared and revered by all his relatives, subjects and neighbours.

And Lavissee, in his "Histoire de France," published in 1902, came to the conclusion that Henry was a man "severe and hard, but one who kept his word."

The code of regulations issued by him in the middle of the conquest of Normandy, at Mantes, in July, 1419, shows a man very different from the pinchbeck Napoleon who preached the doctrine of frightfulness at the beginning of the late war. Under the heading:

"For robberyng of marchauntes comyng to the market" he ordains "that no man be so hardy to pile ne robbe none other of vitaill, ne of none other lyvelode, the which they have by byng, upon peyn of deth."

And here is a regulation which shows a humanity scarcely to be expected in the fifteenth century and absent from our enemies in the nineteenth century:

Also that nomaner man be so hardy to go in to no chambre, or loggynge, where that eny woman lythe in child-birth, her to robbe ne pile of no goodes, the which lengthen unto her refresshyng, ne for to make none affray, where thorough she and her childe might be in in eny disease, or dispeyr.

Labour came also into his consideration:

Also that nomaner man be so hardy to take fro noman gaying to the plough, harrowe, or carte, hors, mare, nor oxe, nor none other bests longynge to labour within the Kynges obeissance . . . and also that noman gyve none impediment unto nomaner of labour . . .

Plundering was forbidden, also burning

withoutyn commaundement speciall of the Kyng that noman brenne upon peyn of deth.

In the conduct of war, then, very little advance has been made from the time of Henry V. People are more likely to attend to that than to the equally unimpeachable fact that our King Harry was one of the best generals ever produced in England. Agincourt was the victory of a small army over a large one, but also the success which brains have so often before gained when pitted against numbers. The disposal of the English army, though at the best it was but a thin line of men, worn by marches, by wading in water, by dysentery and by hunger, was nevertheless most successfully drawn up. The device of causing every archer to plant beside him a strong stake proved a most efficient check to the charge of French cavalry, and altogether the battle was conducted by one who had been born into a fighting world.

His reception in London, described as it is from original documents, by the author of this book, must bring blushes to the cheeks of those who organised the comparatively paltry rejoicings over the defeat of Germany. When his ship put into Dover on November 16th the crowd rushed into the water—he remembered ships were of small draught in those days—and bore the King in their arms to the shore. At Blackheath he was met by the Mayor and twenty-four Aldermen in scarlet gowns, and twenty thousand of the citizens in red garments with hoods of red and white. Great crowds rode arranged

according to their companies and crafts, with their distinguishing ornaments and symbols. Gigantic symbolic figures were placed at the entrance to London Bridge; towers, castles, pavilions erected along Cornhill and Cheapside to Westminster; precious cloths emblazoned with the great deeds of English Kings on the gates and squares; while all the time the conduits ran with wine instead of water. From every high tower young choristers sang praises and songs. On the wooden bridge near the Cross at Cheapside beautiful maidens sang to King Henry as he entered, "as to another David coming from the killing of Goliath," the refrain of the song being "Welcome Henry the Fifte, Kyng of Englonde and of Fraunce." Every window was packed and the streets as densely crowded as they are to-day—which is saying a great deal. We can see the austere King riding among them with unmoved countenance. He was clad in purple, but had few attendants. Behind him came some of his captives, French dukes and earls and the Marshal Boucicault. His quiet and sober expression told better than words that he claimed no honour for himself, but gave the glory to God alone. He was unwilling to show even his helmet and crown that had been cracked in the fight at Agincourt, where, in his kingly robes, he fought as a soldier among soldiers. The song which is believed to have been sung at his pageant is preserved in Percy's "Reliques of Ancient History." The last verse is as follows:

Now gracious God, he save oure kyng,
His people and all his well wyllynge,
Gef him good lyve, and good endynge,
That we with merth mowe savely synge,
Deo Gratias;
Deo gratias Anglia redde pro victoria.

It is impossible for any historian to add to Shakespeare's eulogy, a thing which stands first of its kind in our own or any other language. But Mr. Mowat has riveted with historical data the facts which show Henry V as the greatest of his line. Lastly, it would ever be remembered that he re-founded the Navy. When he made his first expedition to France the narrow seas were by no means safe for English ships, but the patriotic poet of the next reign could, as Mr. Mowat says, look with pride and pleasure to the great days of Henry V and could exhort his son to be like what he was.

Cheryshe marchandyse, kepe thamyralte
That we bee maysteres of the narowe see.

Swords and Flutes, by William Kean Seymour. (T. Fisher Unwin, 4s.) MR. SEYMOUR will have to bow more than he has yet done to the modern storm which is determined to uproot whatever is ephemeral in the poetry of the past, if he is to go on and prosper. All the old poetic vocabulary, for instance, has to vanish; but Mr. Seymour can afford to scrap it, since he is, to quote his own "Dedication," of those poets who, because—

"The world's a broken viol, and its strings
Snap with confusion"

have no more use for

"The little dreams, the beautiful frail dreams
In careless moments spun."

When he deals directly with the War, however, he is not at his best, and, unfortunately, it is the "Swords" among the poems that take up the first thirty pages or so of his book. After five years of war and war-verse, a poem entitled "The Deathless Dead" has to be a masterpiece or it is nothing to our jaded senses. But the reader who perseveres will be rewarded, early among the "Flutes," by "The Poppy," the most charming poem in the book, concerning a gipsy child who

"Asked for coppers as a bird
Waking at dawn begins his song."

Here Mr. Seymour, although using one of the simplest of traditioned metres, has nevertheless the courage to be himself—to make us aware of his vivid, personal experience. And what he has done once he may do again—since a poet is entitled to be judged by the strongest link in his chain.

Songs in Cities and Gardens, by Helen Granville Barker. (Chatto and Windus, 5s.)

THE title of this collection of verses—some of them published in previous volumes now out of print—is happily chosen. Many of the verses are pleasing enough, and specially those that concern gardens. There is facility and tunefulness; but on the other hand there is not much grip or depth. A few of the pieces, notably "The Two Old Grandfathers," strike a rather deeper note; more ambitious efforts, such as "To Fire" and "To Snow," which essay the impersonal, are the least successful. So, for the most part, the impression made by the poems is that described, only too aptly, by the writer herself in one of her verses—an impression of

"A mandolin, inlaid
With pearl and tortoise-shell and ivory;
On that slight instrument I sometimes made,
In idleness, a tinkling melody."

Jerry and Ben, by W. Riley. (Herbert Jenkins, 7s.)

JERRY and Ben are father and son—although no one would guess it from the paper wrapper of the book, which is of the usual young-man-and-maiden type. Their history—of religious fanaticism on the one side, and youthful stubbornness on the other—is not nearly enough

to fill the book, so we are given three maiden ladies as well, two of them young and gifted with a useful, page-filling knack of sprightly conversation. Half way through the book, however, it becomes apparent to the author that supply is again about to prove unequal to demand, so a couple of characters are imported as makeweight from America.

The result can hardly be called a novel, but it all ambles along pleasantly and easily enough, and ends up with a convenient general post among the various lovers. The best things in the book are the author's obviously sincere love of the Yorkshire hills and moors, and an occasional shrewd or racy use, in the mouth of one of the villagers, of the vernacular.

THE DUKE OF LEEDS & HIS TENANTS

MOST of the difficulties connected with landowning in this country are brought into light by the communication which the Duke of Leeds has made to his tenants. He intimates that, owing to the heavy burdens on landed estates, he is compelled to take one of three courses. These courses have had to be considered by other landowners. They are obnoxious to a good landlord, and to that category the Duke of Leeds emphatically belongs. The tragic element in the situation is that his tenants are of the old-fashioned sort, most of them having been on the estate all their lives and sprang from an ancestry of cultivators like themselves. How far some of them can go back it is difficult to say. Perhaps Sir Walter Scott in his day might have given a clue, because he chose the very district in which this Yorkshire estate is situated as the scene of his great romance "Ivanhoe." Here his imagination pictured Cedric the Saxon, hasty of temper and ever ready with his javelin; Gurth, son of Wamba the Witless, the thrall of Cedric the Saxon, the Black Knight, under which disguise Richard of the Lion Heart roamed what was then forest; Locksley, who was none other than Robin Hood himself; the buxom Clerk of Copmanhurst, who had a boxing match not to his liking with Cœur de Lion, and all the rest of that company which Scott imagined as inhabiting this historic district and storming Torquilstone Castle in early Norman days. No one who owned these acres, if he had any soul at all, would part with them save under compulsion. We are afraid that the phrase exactly describes the position of the Duke, and he deserves something better, for during the war he quitted himself like a man. Early in the war the Duke placed his three hundred ton yacht *Aries* at the service of the Government and

for a considerable time commanded it in person. The *Aries* went on patrol duty with the drifters and submarine net crews. His base was Holy Island. Later command of the *Aries* was taken over by that fine old hero, Lieutenant-Commander H. T. Gartside-Tipping, the hero described in a despatch of Admiral Sir R. H. Bacon as "the oldest naval officer afloat." We all know what the North Sea was in the dark, wild nights of a stormy winter. Nevertheless, it was the area chosen by the Duke of Leeds for his early war service. We mention this incident simply for the purpose of showing how gallantly the Duke put himself at the service of the State in a time of necessity. Miss Turner's pretty photograph shows the Duke's yacht *Aries* in Holy Island harbour. It arrived there many a time with crew and commander alike very nearly exhausted by their toil on the cold and stormy waves of the North Sea. Luckily the little harbour is very conveniently situated for men engaged on such a task. It lies adjacent to the area in which the German submarines operated by day and night.

The Duke has before him the choice of three courses if the estate is to keep its head above water. These are: to offer tenants an opportunity to acquire their own holdings on terms to be arranged; to submit the estate to auction; or to retain it on a satisfactory re-arrangement of rentals which, in many cases, are below their proper value. Now, let us consider these three courses, which so often have presented themselves before the

eyes of the landlord since the war ended. There is first to offer the tenant to buy their holdings at a fair valuation. Nothing can be said against this course, provided the tenants are in a position to take advantage of it. We are writing without especial knowledge of this property, but what applies to one estate applies pretty well to all of them. Most of us welcome every change that means the establishment of more men with landed properties. If the tenants are able, and willing, to buy, it would open a satisfactory way out of the difficulty. But the owner of a good-sized farm does not at present stand to gain much, from an economical standpoint, by changing a tenancy into proprietorship. He would have to face the same difficulties with labour as he would as a tenant. A sale by auction of the whole estate is one of those occasions that rouse the dislike of tenant farmers. They see in the newcomer one who may think it necessary to end their tenancies at once. At any rate, the farmer is very conservative in his opinions and does not greatly relish the prospect of having to deal with a new landowner. We may take it that very few of the tenants would like to see the land go out of their hands altogether.

Then we come to the third alternative, which is the most satisfactory of all. An experiment has been tried with success in Northumberland which probably could be repeated with equally

good results in Yorkshire. In the former county a proprietor of a large estate sent a letter to each of his tenants calling them together and discussed the situation very frankly and freely with them. They sat at very low rents—rents some of which did not even approximately represent the value of the farm. He told them, what is perfectly true of all landowners, that the burdens of the landowner had been very much increased. It



THE *ARIES* IN HARBOUR AT HOLY ISLAND.

requires a great deal more money now to run an estate than it did in pre-war times. For of all men connected with the soil the landowner has gained least advantage. In fact, disadvantage only has resulted. The individual to whom we have referred then took his tenants fully into his confidence, described the plans he had made for securing a fair valuation and the drawing up of a principle on which the rents could be raised. If a man were already paying enough he would escape altogether, and a body of valuers was formed to see that only those who were under-rented should be asked to give more. The plan succeeded admirably. Indeed, all of us, whether we are farmers or not, have been taught by sad experience that there is little left except to bow when an increase of payment is required. Everybody has asked it, and the majority of those asked have seen that it is wise to comply. The closest approximation to an increase of rent is the increase of rates, which has taken place in nearly every rural parish. The local authority cannot get things done now at the price charged before the war and so is compelled to increase the assessment. Therefore the farmer, when the case is put fairly to him, is bound to see that in existing circumstances the demand for reasonably higher rent cannot be logically resisted. We feel no doubt that the farmers of Yorkshire would take very much the same view as their neighbours of this necessity, and that if the Duke of Leeds chooses to abide by the third of his alternative proposals the tenantry will fall in with his ideas.

THE ESTATE MARKET

ACTIVITY IN PRIVATE TREATY

THE trend of the market must not be measured only by results under the hammer—important and considerable as they are, seeing that the year is yet young—but the private transactions must also be taken into account. There is, under this head, a steady volume of dealings from week to week, and not a few of the arrangements for public auction are in consequence cancelled. The publicity secured by the intimation that a property is to be submitted to competition usually suffices to interest all the likely purchasers, and the prevalence of concluding contracts in advance of the dates fixed for auctions is rendering buyers rather apprehensive if they fail to make a firm offer at the earliest possible moment.

GARWAY ESTATE AND WINGERWORTH HALL.

AT Messrs. J. D. Woods' recent auction of the Garway estate, Hereford, about five miles from Pontrilas and the same distance from Monmouth, a total of over £44,000 was realised, the whole being sold with the exception of Glenmonnow House and the adjoining farm, which is withdrawn until Glenmonnow House is sold, and three lots of inappropriate tithe, amounting to about £70 a year.

The private offer of the various farms was given to both tenants and cottagers, and although numerous farmers elected to purchase, there was not very much keenness on the part of the smaller holders, many of whom, however, bought at the auction.

The Tannersfield Farm of 156 acres, with a good house upon it and now let at £159 a year, subject to a small land tax, was offered to the tenant at £3,300, but he declined to take it. In the auction room it realised £3,700 and was purchased by an outsider—rather a good example of what it sometimes means to a landlord to favour his tenants. The prices of the farms range up to forty-two years' purchase—two lots made thirty-nine years' purchase.

At Leicester the same auctioneers offered the remainder of the Lowesby estate, about 1,600 acres, virtually all of which has been sold privately to the tenants, and Lowesby Hall and the park to Miss Baird, the only lots going to auction being a public-house, accommodation land, and a pair of cottages, for which there was good competition.

Among the most important of Messrs. J. D. Woods' forthcoming sales is that of the Wingerworth estate, belonging to Major Philip Hunloke, M.V.O., and lying partly within the new borough of Chesterfield and abutting on Clay Cross. The total extent is approximately 5,500 acres, including over 1,000 acres of woodlands, and Wingerworth Hall, a very beautiful Palladian house, the building of which was completed in 1729, very fully illustrated in *COUNTRY LIFE* (Vol. XXVII, page 162). The estate is divided into some 200 lots.

The Tacolneston estate sale has been fixed for March 6th, and other forthcoming sales include Britwell Court, near Burnham golf links, for Mr. Christie Miller, and the Conkwell Grange estate—a fine, stone-built residence with 300 acres, near Bath.

BOHUN COURT, WORCESTER.

MESSRS. KNIGHT, FRANK AND RUTLEY, acting for the Bishop of Coventry, have sold by private treaty to Mr. Sydney Humphries (late of Lamport Hall, Northamptonshire), the latter being represented by Colonel Martineau, C.M.G., D.L., Bohun Court, a delightful specimen of French baronial architecture, situated in charming grounds upon an eminence some two miles from Worcester. Hallow, the nearest village, has associations with Royalty, Queen Elizabeth having shot two bucks there, which were sent to the bailiffs of the City. It may not be generally known that our greatest Foreign Minister, Thomas Wolsey, Cardinal Archbishop of York, is particularly and intimately associated with the county of Worcester. Sir Richard Nanfan of Birtsmorton Court, when Lieutenant of Calais (about the year 1430), employed the youthful Thomas Wolsey in clerical work, and was so pleased with him that he later appointed him as one of his executors. An interesting fact in connection with the tenure of Birtsmorton Court was that it was once held by petty serjeantry of the Duchy of Lancaster, the fee

being a "red rose." In a chapter devoted to the Folklore of Worcestershire ("Memorials of Old Worcestershire"), Mr. Francis B. Andrews writes: "The legend of the shadow of the Ragged Stone is still current—the curse imposed by the monk who had to climb this rock on his hands and knees as penance, and declared in revenge that on whomsoever the rock's shadow should fall his malediction should rest. Tradition says that this blighting shadow presaged Cardinal Wolsey's sudden fall from power as he passed by in almost Royal pomp with all his retinue."

SIR EVELYN WOOD'S HOUSE.

MILLHURST, Harlow, will be submitted at Hanover Square on Thursday next by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, on behalf of the executors of the late Field-Marshal Sir Evelyn Wood, V.C. There should be among the bidders those to whom the personal associations with its gallant and universally popular late owner mean something. It is a house, too, which, by its easy access to town, is suitable for a well-to-do City man, and the hunting with two packs of hounds is a consideration, even in these days of strenuous work. Milliken, the Renfrew estate of 447 acres, comes under the hammer at Glasgow on Monday next.

The Glottenham estate, with the site of the old castle of Glottenham, or Glottingham, was successfully submitted at Tunbridge Wells by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, 600 acres realising £18,000. The sale of the Allerston and Ebberston estates of Sir Kenelm Cayley is fixed for February 26th at Scarborough; and outlying lands belonging to Lord Radnor will be offered at Folkestone early next month.

SALES ON THE WELSH BORDER.

THE magnitude of the task of selling the Whitechurch portion of the Bridgewater estates of Lord Brownlow has been much reduced, as the sitting tenants have negotiated for the purchase of their holdings, and have, in fact, bought 3,000 of the 4,000 acres which were in the market. The residue, roundly 1,000 acres, is being dealt with at auction this week by Messrs. Frank Lloyd and Sons. Among the lots to be sold is Prees Heath, a tract of 500 acres, which has been in military occupation as an encampment. In the course of the present month the firm will offer for sale outlying portions of the Maesbrook estate of Lord Bradford, at Oswestry; and during March, in all probability, they will bring under the hammer the Montgomeryshire estate of Lord Kenyon, along with some outlying land in Flintshire. A large area of land in the latter county will also be submitted by order of Sir Wyndham Hanmer; and Welsh sales, also entrusted to the same firm, include land on behalf of Lord Newborough, and approximately a couple of thousand acres of the Gregynog estate for Major David Davies, M.P.

TOWN AND COUNTRY PROPERTY SOLD.

THE important negotiations between Lord Bath and his Minsterley tenants have been conducted by Mr. Alfred Mansell, and have resulted in the private purchase by the sitting tenants of all but one of the farms, and that, it is understood, would have been sold but that the tenant had already intimated his intention to give it up.

Lord Amptill's house in Ennismore Gardens, South Kensington, has changed hands before the date of the auction arranged by Messrs. Harrods, who have this week disposed of the furniture of the house.

Pounsley Mill, a picturesque residence at Blackboys, near Buxted and Heathfield, has been sold before the auction, which had been appointed for next week, by Messrs. Constable and Maude. The firm's approaching auctions include that of a landed property, Swindon Hall and Stoke Orchard, Cheltenham, 1,217 acres. There is a secondary residence, called "Ye Olde Cottage," and numerous separate lots of pasture and other land will be found in the particulars.

Country properties sold by Messrs. Norfolk and Prior include a freehold at Burwash, known as Holton House, with 14 or 15 acres, and a modern house and several acres at Broadwater Down, Tunbridge Wells. A Crawley property of 40 acres, and a small

property at Rottingdean, are among the sales just carried out by Messrs. Watkin and Watkin, whose list includes many residences in and around Reigate.

The Hensting estate, at Twyford, about 700 acres of agricultural land, with a couple of farmhouses, three miles from Winchester, has been privately sold by Messrs. Edwin Lear and Walker, in conjunction with Messrs. Gale and Newton. The former firm withdrew the Westfields estate, Wreclesham, near Farnham, but an early sale is confidently anticipated from the nature of the offers at present under consideration.

A long and interesting list of private sales has been already compiled this year by Messrs. Hampton and Sons, embracing town houses, suburban houses with grounds ranging up to several acres, and country properties of considerable extent. Among the sales may be mentioned that of Fyfield House and 53 acres, near Maidenhead; Heatherwood and 55 acres, at Ascot; and Holtye Corner, near Cowden. The Gables, an old-fashioned house at Burnham and Norton House at Rottingdean, are other typical properties. The town houses include Oakwood, Addison Road, Kensington, and others in Green Street, Onslow Gardens and Prince's Gardens.

Lord Lincolnshire is disposing of a large farm at Spalding, known as Monk's House, one of the oldest houses in that part of the county.

ROLLESTON HALL FOR SALE.

FOLLOWING their recent successful sale of so much of the land on Sir Oswald Mosley's Rolleston Hall estate, Messrs. Trollope are about to offer the remaining portions of the property. The auction, at the Commemoration Hall, Rolleston, on March 10th, will include the mansion, the park with its chain of lakes, and about 880 acres. There will be twenty-six lots, and, though a local auction, it may be expected to attract buyers from all parts of the Midlands.

FUTURE OF BRITISH SPAS.

NO observer of the market can fail to have noticed the important series of properties which have been placed in the market at Bath, and there is one still to come under the hammer there, as recently stated in *COUNTRY LIFE*, while other very large areas, with hundreds of houses and other premises, remain for private negotiation. The latest large transaction in property at a noted spa is the sale by Alderman Chippendale, an ex-Mayor of Harrogate, of all his Harrogate houses, with the exception, we believe, of the residence he occupies. The buyers are a syndicate, and the price for the 550 or 560 separate properties embraced in the transaction approximately a quarter of a million sterling. The syndicate proposes, it is understood, to give the occupiers preferential terms, if they desire to become their own landlords.

SALES AND RUMOURS OF SALES.

ANNOYANCE has been caused to at least one well known landowner lately by the rumours which have been current in, as the saying is, "usually well informed quarters" of sales and alleged intentions to sell notable estates. It is easy to start a rumour, but hard, often impossible, to stop it. Some of the originators of reports as to historic houses have "lent verisimilitude to an otherwise somewhat bald and unconvincing narrative" by adding that the mansions are to be used as hotels, and so on. Details are not lacking sometimes as to trifles such as the price, which generally "runs well into six figures," whatever that may mean. Probably some of these rumours have their origin in a misunderstanding of suggestions, which are frequently made to newspapers, that such-and-such a house would be ideal for such-and-such a purpose. These suggestions generally emanate from well intentioned busybodies, and they serve as the apparent foundation for a baseless vision. Concerning country houses, reference has been made in these columns to only one of the recent crop of rumours, and we are glad to know that there is no justification for gossip about Stowe House, the rumour that it might be sold being authoritatively contradicted. **ARBITER.**

CORRESPONDENCE

MYSTERIES IN TENNIS HISTORY.
TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In a recent issue you had a note upon Mr. A. E. Crawley's interesting theory as to the scoring at tennis, upon which he wrote lately in the *Observer*. The history of the game of tennis and the origin of most of its laws and customs are now pretty clearly known, but there are certain points which have baffled the enquirer. One is the exact origin of certain features of the court—the grille, the galleries, the penthouses and tambour, for instance. Many people like to think that the grille was adapted from the buttery hatch of the refectory of a monastery, that the galleries were cattle sheds, and the penthouses the roofs of cloisters. Another mystery is the derivation of the word "tennis," and it has up to the present been impossible to establish the exact date when a ball struck into the last gallery on the hazard side—one of the most spectacular strokes of the modern game—was first counted as a winning stroke. It was somewhere between 1632 and 1767, but that is all we can say. A fourth enigma is the exact date at which chase lines began to be painted or marked on the floor, and why the system of marking them by feet was adopted in France and of marking them by yards in England. It is, however, practically certain that these lines were invented also between 1632 and 1767. But the most perplexing point of all is the system of scoring by fifteens. Many have been the attempts to solve this problem, and a new solution has been proposed by Mr. A. E. Crawley, who has made many valuable contributions to the history of tennis. He discusses the various solutions that have previously been offered, and rightly rules out those which have any connection with the chase lines. For we know practically that the chase lines were not invented in 1632, from the description of the game given in "*Le Jeu Royal de la Paume*," published that year. Yet the author of that book tells us that scoring by fifteens was then so old that its origin was hidden in the mists of antiquity. We also know that the chase was originally marked in many games (and is in some now) where the ball stopped rolling, but that in 1555 already the custom of marking at the second bound had been invented; and the chase came to be marked by a twig fixed in the ground or a standard placed on the spot where the ball bounced for the second time. The transition from this to marking parallel lines on the floor, to save trouble to both marker and players, was a natural one. In the accounts for the renovation of the court at Hampton Court by Charles II we find mention of one line only, probably corresponding to the present service or last gallery line. But when M. de Garsault wrote in 1767 they are minutely described. I have a theory, for what it is worth, that the reason we count by yards and the French by feet was that in England the floors of courts were laid with larger stones than in France, and that the joints of the stones were first used as aids to the marker, then that lines were painted, ours at yard intervals, theirs at feet. In the disused court at Coombe Abbey, which I visited some time ago, I found traces of the service and last gallery line only left and no traces at all of chase lines. The stones up to the last gallery line were all exactly one yard wide. The Coombe Abbey court is comparatively modern—only about 100 years old. It has not, however, been played in for many years, and I could not discover from anyone whether there had ever been chase lines there or not, though chase lines were invented some fifty years before it was built.

To return to Mr. Crawley's theory of scoring—and I am afraid I am being rather desultory—he makes one slight mistake in saying that 45 is now obsolete. In the Paris courts the marker still on occasions calls the original *quarante-cinq* instead of *quarante*. I fancy it is done at the point we call forty love only, but I am not sure of this. Mr. Crawley holds that the scoring originated in the practice of playing for money. He says that the sexagesimal system was used in the Middle Ages, not only by reckoning the hours, but also for money values to a considerable extent. "Tennis scoring," he continues, "is on the face of it a sexagesimal system, to which is applied the primitive system of quartering a whole. The game then was the unit. The sexagesimal system was used and retained along with others in money and predominated in the coinage of France between 1310 and 1410 according to actual records." Mr. Crawley then determines "that the scoring by fifteens and by four fifteens to the game originated in the

convenient application of a unit coin value 60 sous which was worth 4 coins worth 15 sous."

It is an ingenious and interesting theory, and all tennis players are indebted to Mr. Crawley for his addition to the conjectures hitherto made. It would be more convincing if Mr. Crawley had shown that the sexagesimal system as applied to money values was in vogue in other countries as well as France about this time, for tennis was played in its primitive form in many lands, and there is no saying that the scoring by fifteens was of French origin. Still, as a whole it is just as tenable a theory as any other that has been put forward, and much more so than the majority of them.—E. B. NOEL.

"TOM PUTT."

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—This, "Tom Putt," is the name of an apple, much appreciated in its native county of Somerset. Harking back to more than a hundred years ago, the Rev. Thomas Putt flourished at the end of the eighteenth and beginning of the nineteenth centuries. He was Rector of the Parish of Trent, the village boasting one of the numerous "Great Houses" which afforded refuge to Charles II, after Worcester fight, when he passed from one loyal friend to another in his flight to the coast. Of his powers as Rector nothing is recorded; it is only as a gardener that his name attained notoriety, and survives in the autumn of each year, especially when the Tom Putts are gathered in. The apple was, of course, grown from seed, the young seedling being carefully tended for a few years till the first matured apples on it were examined and approved. It is an excellent fruit, firm texture and good flavour, both for eating and cooking, and keeps well till over Christmas. A good, medium sized apple, well proved and tried, it seems a pity that it is not more extensively grown. It is rarely heard of save in its own county. As the names of good apples are frequently asked for, this one may be of interest to growers further afield. In the garden of Trent Rectory there is a Tom Putt tree, said by the villagers to be the first one grown from the seed, but this is probably erroneous, and it is merely a scion of the parent tree. In the garden also is a magnificent Cedar of Lebanon, which might easily be credited as having been planted by the Rev. Thomas Putt. In the church porch hangs a notice board of quaint wording. "It is requested that all persons will remove their pattens or clogs before entering this Church." Alas! pattens are obsolete, and never seen now. The writer remembers well the "click, clack, clack," of the pattens of busy dairywomen in the sixties, as one of the sweet country sounds—like so many others now hushed and gone. The old village women used to walk in pattens for miles in muddy wintry weather, having been accustomed to them from childhood, but by degrees the younger women discarded them and they are no more seen. That they are ideal wear for a dairy is beyond a doubt, as they lift the feet well above the wet flags or tiles and give an inch or two of height, which is an advantage in reach also.—MARTLET.

FURNITURE IN THE CHINESE STYLE
AND THE WORK OF SIR WILLIAM CHAMBERS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The charming dissertation from the pen of Mr. H. Avray Tipping on "Furniture in the Chinese Style, 1750 to 1770," in *COUNTRY LIFE* of February 7th, does not allude to one who had a great deal to do with the spread of Chinese influence in constructional design in England during the period under review. Sir William Chambers (1726-1796), who came of well-to-do parents of foreign extraction, went as a youth to China, and what he observed there made a mark upon his education which was not obliterated in his subsequent studies in Rome and Paris. He came to London in 1755, being then twenty-nine, and set up as an architect in Poland Street, soon securing most influential patrons: in fact, two years afterwards, he was appointed by Augusta, Princess Dowager of Wales, to beautify her gardens at Kew, which are now public property, and for the next five years he was busy erecting there the semi-Roman temples and the famous Chinese Pagoda (still a landmark in those parts), an octagonal structure of grey brick, 163ft. in height, and consisting of ten storeys

with a central staircase. The Princess also employed Chambers to teach her son (afterwards George III) architectural drawing, and so good an impression did he make that when the young Prince came to the throne, Chambers was appointed Royal Architect, Comptroller of His Majesty's Works, and afterwards Surveyor-General, thus becoming the patron of Chippendale and many other artists. When the Royal Academy was established in 1768, Sir William Chambers became its first Treasurer on the nomination of the King. He published in 1757 a book called "Designs for Chinese Buildings, etc.," and in 1772, his "Dissertations on Oriental Gardening." In this last he trod on a good many toes, and was, in consequence, lampooned and caricatured. As his status increased he removed from Poland Street to Berners Street, and afterwards to Norton (now Bolsover) Street, where he died. He also had an official residence at Hampton Court Palace and a country house at Whitton Place, near Hounslow. His best-known work in London to-day is Somerset House, the Strand front of which, according to Fergusson, is an enlarged and improved copy of the old palace built by Inigo Jones.—J. LANDFEAR LUCAS.

TUBERCULIN FREE PEDIGREE
SHORTHORNS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—For many years in succession Mr. J. B. Manuel has visited my herd of pedigree Scotch shorthorns to apply the tuberculin test to all my shorthorns that have been entered for sales. Last week he again attended to test the five bulls I have entered for Birmingham Show and Sale this month. Again every bull offered has passed the test. Knowing, as I do, how many bulls do react, it does seem proof that the method of giving my cattle so much fresh air must largely assist the extraordinary result I am having over so many years, viz., that not one single animal of my own breeding reacts or shows any signs of tuberculosis. If every breeder would only publish the result of his tests, and also state the methods under which his cattle are kept, much useful information could gradually be tabulated.—S. F. EDGE.

MONEY IN PIGS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Mr. Edge clearly demonstrates his proposition that there is money in pigs. This is not altogether news, for always there has been and will be money in pigs, even in the times when a litter of young ones at six weeks old could be bought at 5s. each and a reeking, at 2s. 6d. to 3s. Such was the case in villages sixty years ago. Farmers, pig breeders and cottagers found money in pigs, and in a certain village of 150 houses each householder could show hanging in his house two to four sides of prime bacon, as many hams and an equal number of chaps, all of the primest of home fed and cured to be met with in any part of England. From one particular village at least 200 or more sides of bacon and as many hams found their way to the county market town, and still enough left for village consumption during the year. I have known the reeking of a litter, or the "widow's pig" (because it was often given to a widow), turn out to be the best of all, simply because it was tended best as it grew up to fatness. With the case of a pig in the sty of a cottager with a big family, everyone tended the pig and "progged"—to use a dialect word meaning to forage—daily for pigs' food and mostly with success. In those days there was a sty to each cottage, and all in the house "progged" for it. The children gathered from the lanes, woods and fields loose straw, kex of nettles and other standing dry herbage for the pigs' bedding, and old chaff from bed ticks was a welcome bed for a pig. The children also got for pigs' feed all manner of wayside herbs, such as sowthistles, charlock, wild mustard, pig-grass, and a score other plants of a succulent nature which the pig loved, besides acorns, horse chestnuts, sweet chestnuts, beechmast, pig-nuts, many kinds of roots, couch grass roots, dandelion roots, lily of the valley, all of which made good food for pigs, raw or boiled, in the latter case mixed with sharps or bran; and in this way, with garden trimming of all kinds, the pig was well looked after and fed up, so that there were at least two killings a year. There are few kinds of greenstuff that pigs refuse, and I have known them make a meal of a bed of young gorse.—THOS. RATcliffe.

NIGHT IN LONDON.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The night illustrations in your issue of January 31st show clearly the artistic effects



THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

A night scene without street lamps

which are possible on a wet night when plenty of street lamps are included in the pictures. These represent photographs made with short exposures of from five to ten minutes. It may be interesting to some of your readers to know that equally attractive photographs are possible even though no street lamps are included. In the accompanying photograph of the National Gallery the only source of light is that of lamps outside the radius of the lens. Even with this small amount of reflected illumination it will be seen that pictures can be made, provided that an adequate exposure is given. In the present case thirty-five minutes were necessary, but the exposure was spread over a period of an hour and a quarter, the lens being capped for passing lighted vehicles, since these create the white lines which are seen in most night pictures.—H. C.

A CHINESE GOD ON A JAPANESE ROOF.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In a certain village of Japan there stands on the roof of every house a tile statue of Shoki, in Chinese costume and with a sword



SHOKI GUARDING THE HOUSE.

in hand, guarding the occupants of the house. It is believed that as long as the statue stands on the roof the occupants are quite safe from thieves, plagues, or any other misfortunes.—KIYOSHI SAKAMOTO.

AN OLD HOUSE AT DUNSTER.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Your readers will find all that is known of this house, of which there was a photograph in your issue of December 27th, set forth in "Dunster Church and Priory," by the late Prebendary Hancock. I quote at length: "As early as A.D. 1254 Sir Reginald de Mohun the second gave the sum of fifty marks to the prior and convent of Bath. In return for this benefaction the prior and convent covenanted that one of the monks belonging to the priory of Dunster should say mass in the upper chapel of S. Stephen for the soul of Sir Reginald de Mohun in Dunster Castle. . . . And if in time of war it could not be said there, it was to be said in the chapel of S. Laurence within the church of the priory. The date of this early deed is A.D. 1255. This chantry is mentioned again 35, Henry VI [1457], and at that period mass was daily said within it. At its suppression (6, Edw. VI) it was found to possess an income of about £9 per annum. Part of this income is stated to have been derived from house property in Dunster, amongst which tradition places the curious and picturesque house called, quite wrongly, 'The Nunnery.' But in Mr. Luttrell's title deeds to this house it is described as having been the property of the abbot of Cleve. There is another and more likely tradition

air of piety when making his appeal, a triangle and a top-hat announce the owner of a house as being rich. During many years spent in a tramp-frequented country district of England I have looked out for signs resembling these, but with no visible success. Perhaps observation was at fault; and as for gathering knowledge of the subject by oral tradition, the average tramp is not the pleasantest of company for fraternising with upon a country road. My own fancy is that the British tramp possesses the national quality of insular reserve, believes in the Dutchman's motto: "Every man for himself" and does not concern himself greatly with the fortunes or misfortunes of his fellows, except, perhaps, in the matter of exchanging news when meeting with them in the common lodging-house.—ARTHUR O. COOKE.

THE THREATENED DISPOSAL OF INGRAM HOUSE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Many old members of Ingram House will hear with regret that there is a great risk of the club premises being sold for commercial purposes unless the directors and shareholders can be prevailed upon to formulate a scheme by which the club can be carried on. The object in establishing Ingram House—which is strictly undenominational in character—was to provide a residential club for clerks and employees in banks, insurance offices and similar places of business who, "being in receipt of but small salaries, barely sufficient to maintain themselves in any comfort, have difficulty in finding a comfortable home at a cost within



INGRAM HOUSE: STOCKWELL ROAD.

in the parish that the house was used as a brewery by the abbots of Cleve, a surmise to which the large cellars under the adjoining house give some colour. This adjoining house was rebuilt some fifty years ago. It succeeded one on the same site called the 'Cage House,' so full were its front and sides of ancient timbers."—P. W. P.

BRITISH TRAMP AND AMERICAN "HOBO."

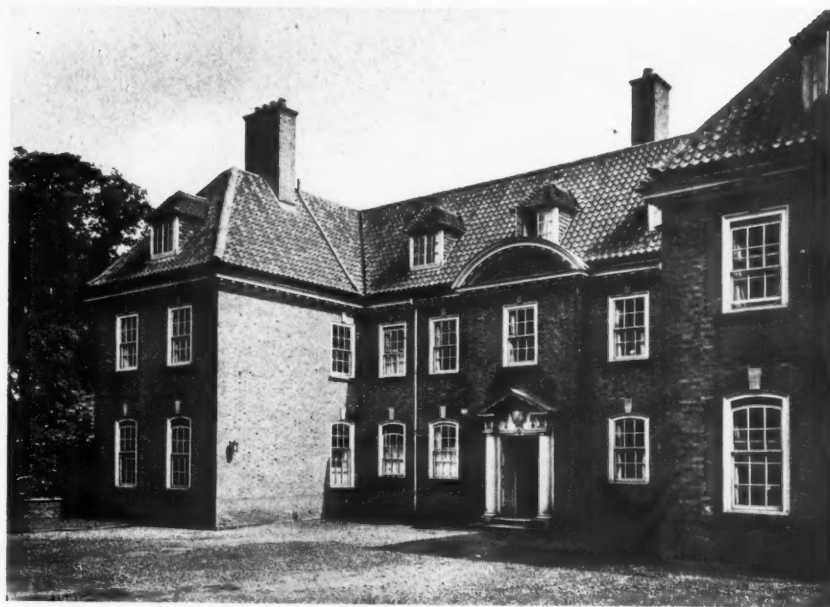
TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—You had an interesting note in a recent issue on the increase in the numbers of the tramp in country districts. I sometimes wonder whether much is known of the inner methods of the British tramp? Has he, like his American cousin, the "hobo," an elaborate code of signals and sign-writing, by means of which he gives and takes warning and information as he passes up and down throughout the land? The "hobo" is a great adept at this strange, silent speech. He stops his slouching walk to look at a rude figure chalked or scratched with brick upon a cottage gatepost. It depicts a cat; at once the "hobo" knows what is implied—that the mistress of the house is a good, kindly soul, blessed with a ready ear to listen and an open hand to give. He sees a stout policeman loitering in a village and, regarding him with disapproving eye, mindful of his fellows on the road, he draws on a convenient door or fence a curious little symbol, like a rope curled into two or three loops. A cross will warn him to assume an

their means." The house contains over 200 bedrooms, many baths, dining hall, lounge, gymnasium, billiard-room, library and smoking-rooms. In addition there is a miniature rifle range, five courts, tennis courts and a garage. In 1905 the club was opened by the Bishop of London and was given considerable publicity. The club was run on very economical lines, and not till the tariff was increased was a dividend paid—some three years before the war. At the outbreak of the war the great majority of the residents left to join the Services, with consequent reduction in the profits from £1,623 to £118. Funds were advanced, but the membership continued to decrease, and the House was unable to pay its way. At last, in 1917, the Board decided to let the premises to the Young Women's Christian Association, who have been in occupation since, but leave in April next. At a dinner held by old members of the House last December it was announced that the directors could not promise that the club would be reopened, for unless they were able to dispose of it privately—the price asked being £50,000—the premises would be put up for sale. Such a course is to be deplored, for already over eighty enquiries have been received from old members anxious to return. There never was such a need as now for an institution like Ingram House, and I cannot help thinking that a little keenness and reconstructive ability on the part of the directors would yet save it. Indeed, in these days when houses are so difficult to obtain, it appears to me positively wicked that a building that can house over two hundred people should be diverted to another purpose, and I should like to see the Government step in and prevent it.—AN OLD MEMBER.



As we look upon the mellowed faces of those English houses which have come down to us from the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries we are moved to believe that there is no better model for us to follow in designing the houses of our own day. They seem so direct, so sensible and sturdy, and there is a quality of texture about their walls that redeems them from any feeling of baldness. It is to be regretted that architects have not made full use of such a noble heritage. The trite reply is that they have. But a study of what has been done in the way of "Modern Georgian" makes it perfectly plain that the secret of these old houses has not been patiently sought, that architects have not been sufficiently humble to follow the model. Yet the great times of building were times always when men worked according to a tradition, and for the most part tradition meant doing very much as one's master had done. The village carpenter, if he had to make a new door, made very much the same sort of door as his father had made before him. He may have added certain quips and fancies of his own, thus gaining for his work an individual interest, but for the most part he followed the model he was familiar with. To-day quite a different method prevails, and so we arrive at "Bexhill Georgian," though really the South Coast resort has



Copyright.

ENTRANCE FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

no exclusive possession of it. The travesty is found, unfortunately, all over the country. Admittedly it is not easy under present conditions to do what seems to have been facile enough for the men of the eighteenth century. Success for us in this matter rests on two main factors.

First, the spirit of the old work has got to be assimilated by sympathetic study and careful measurement (good proportion being the essence of Georgian architecture—particularly as seen in the houses which were produced at the end of the eighteenth century and during the first decade of the nineteenth). Lack of such study is evidenced by the "Modern Georgian" houses that have cornices too big or too little, coarse dentilling, ill-proportioned pediments to doorways, or clumsy architraves and sills to windows; to say nothing of such things as monstrous keystones or gigantic "sheep's tails." But a second very important factor is good material and good craftsmanship. With a brick house especially this is important, because, however admirable may be the



Copyright.

FROM THE GARDEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

TERRACE AND LAWN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

DINING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

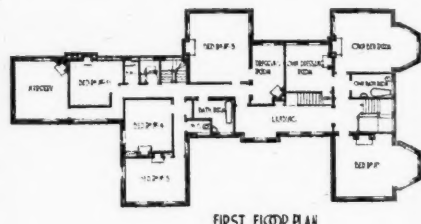


Copyright.

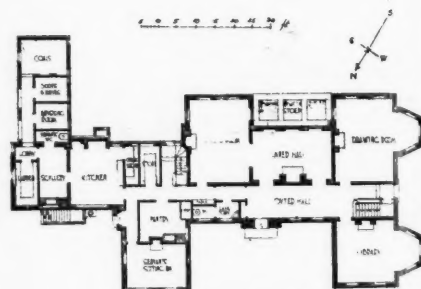
OUTER AND INNER HALLS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

design itself, bricks of harsh texture set in a deadly mechanical fashion, perhaps with hard white struck joints, must inevitably mean a desolating result. It is difficult to get materials equal to those which the old builders had in plenty, but it is not impossible. The house at Norwich which Mr. Oswald P. Milne built for the late Mr. Hartcup is a case in point. As the accompanying illustrations show, it derives all its inspiration from the early Georgian manner. The architect desired for his walling a narrow reddish-grey brick of fine texture, but could find nothing of the sort in or near Norfolk; so he repeated what was done by the Flemings when they brought with them the art of brick building to the Eastern Counties in the sixteenth century. Mr. Milne knew of certain bricks in Belgium which just suited his purpose. They were made at a brickworks near Antwerp, and these he brought over for his house, though later a certain well known firm of English brickmakers undertook the production of similar bricks. Their use at Sprowston Court emphasises the need of good material for any extensive adoption of exposed brickwork for the walling of a house. These reddish-grey bricks are exceedingly pleasing,



FIRST FLOOR PLAN



SECOND FLOOR PLAN

and, with the bright touches given by red coigns, the whole house is enlivened. The grey pantiles on the roof carry on the same good quality that is seen in the walls. A nicely proportioned cornice crowns the latter, but the effect at this point is somewhat marred by the gap between it and the pantiles; one feels that it would have been better either to have carried down the roof tiling or to have definitely set it back from the cornice, as was generally done in Georgian days.

The plan of the house shows that one passes straight from the front entrance into an outer hall, out of which opens an inner hall overlooking the garden, and from this inner hall there is a wide opening to the dining-room, which, as can be seen from the photograph reproduced on this page, is a very skilful interpretation of an old model.

On the west side of the house, entered from one end of the outer hall, are the library and the drawing-room, each of which has a large semi-hexagonal bay that runs up the whole height of the house, so providing a very ample addition to the principal bedrooms. Altogether there are six bedrooms on the first floor, with two dressing-rooms and two bathrooms, and at

the east end a nursery; while the roof space was contrived for the express purpose of providing here a billiard-room. The service wing comes on the north-east side and makes an agreeable break in the composition, as seen from the garden. There is a stoep on the south side of the house, three French windows opening on to it from the inner hall, and in front is a little terrace overlooking the lawn.

The site was originally just a field bordered by a spinney. Out of it a delightful garden has been made; and now that some years have elapsed since the building was finished, all the rawness has disappeared and we see a very pleasant modern house in a comely setting.

In fairness to the architect of to-day, before delivering full judgment on his buildings we should allow these to receive the softening veil which the passing of but a few years will give. Kindly Time will not, we know, transform a bad building into a good one, but, remembering Ruskin's "divine rhetoric," "the glory of a building is in its age, in its silent witness to the transitional character of all things," etc., we should be ready to extend this cumulating quality to modern work, and not to appraise it once for all when the builders have left it raw to our gaze. Spruston



Copyright.

FROM THE SOUTH-WEST.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Court has already lost its newness, and it is a house that will gain in appearance as the years go by. R. R. P.

COLOUR IN THOROUGHBREDS.—IV

(WITH ESPECIAL REFERENCE TO GREY).

BY THE REV. GERALD S. DAVIES, MASTER OF THE CHARTERHOUSE.

THERE is a consideration of the greatest interest which will have doubtless occurred to many readers. The rich colours of our horses of to-day have all been developed under domestication. None of them existed, in its present conspicuous richness, at least, in a wild state. The occasional duns and pallid mealy bays alone may be excepted from this statement. It is, indeed, the opinion of most authorities that dun must be considered the original colour of the wild horse, say rather pony, though some would give it to the mealy buff whose tint may be seen to some extent in the Prejvalsky wild horse now at the Zoo. A little thought will assure us that the conspicuous colours—black, brown, bay, chestnut—would be most injurious to horses in a wild state; such colours would be fatal to their possessors. They would, out on the Steppes, have been picked off at once by their enemies. Most fatal because most conspicuous—as any Scots Greys man who fought in the early part of the war and had to stain his horse with permanganate of potash would agree—is the colour grey. It can be seen for miles. The whole of these bright, conspicuous colours have come into existence since the horse became a domestic animal. And as the colour, so, too, the patterns and the dappling upon it. We cannot account for them by natural selection. I have, indeed, seen a young fallow deer among reddish winter undergrowth well protected by his dappling. But no such reason can be assigned for the colour and dappling of the horse. From the moment when he became a domestic animal, natural selection had to step aside and leave it all to man. There was no need of protective colouring since there were, under man's care, save in a small degree, no enemies to be protected from. Neither can we appeal to sexual selection, for the animals themselves could exercise no choice in their mating. Man had stepped in to settle all that. Freed from these compelling influences, colour, in the prehistoric kraal or by the Bedouin camp, had for many a long age, within certain limits, a free hand. It is a question without an answer how many ages it really was before the bays, the chestnuts, the greys were so established that an Achilles could decide that chestnut (the colour of his own hair) was to be the colour of his racehorses, or some desert chief should lay it down that no horse was of his pure breed unless it showed his favourite rich bay with black points, or another that grey should be the only wear. But all that time, however long, colour had been acting to a great extent apart from utility or choice—and practically apart from the great laws of natural or sexual selection, though not, of course, apart from many another law of nature. The blacks and the browns, the bays with black points and the chestnuts, the piebalds and the skewbalds, the greys and the roans had in these ages since the first rude prehistoric halter was fastened to the first tamed dun foal worked out their own completeness practically without interference from either of the laws of selection, and also with practically little or no help or restriction from man, at any rate

in their early stages. Here is something to give us pause. The reflection which comes out of all this to the naturalist is, surely, that colour and pattern in nature can in some cases be developed, and in great beauty, without being scheduled under either law.

And here, again, comes in a thought worth thinking. A grey horse implies at least one grey parent, as we have seen. We have The Tetrarch's pedigree in an unbroken line of grey sire or grey dam back to Alcock's grey Arab and Brownlow's grey Turk. It stops at them because as imported horses they brought no pedigree with them. If we were able to have their pedigree, we should find it reaching back perhaps for 3,000 years of grey parents, perhaps much more, to the day when the "inhibitory factor" got into play and made the first grey out of what else would have been a brown or a bay or a chestnut. This could not be said of any other colour.

Another side issue, but of much interest. It will be remembered that Pantaloon, a chestnut forebear of Thormanby, is said to have had large dark, almost black, patches upon his flanks just as Bend Or had. Indeed, the appearance of these patches has been used as supporting the descent of Bend Or from Rouge Rose, daughter of Thormanby, rather than from Clémence, the unsuccessful claimant. Now, The Tetrarch is much inbred to Thormanby. At his birth he was a chestnut, and the familiar snowballs of his after grey coat were then very dark, almost black patches. When his coat turned grey at moulting the patches turned white. If the inhibitory factor had been wanting, The Tetrarch would have been a chestnut with Pantaloon patches.

But from the breeder's point of view is it of any great value if presently it could be made certain by what colour-mating you could produce a bay, a chestnut or a grey? The answer must be "of great interest to the naturalist, of little or no value to the breeder," since colour is a secondary quality of small importance compared, as we have said before, with the primary qualities of size, substance, shape and, above all, of vitality and courage (without which all the other qualities go for nought). For these same qualities are what make for speed and stamina, and the proverb that "A good horse was never a bad colour" is as true as ever. If ever an all-conquering piebald should appear, who doubts that he would presently find plenty of subscriptions? But piebald, one may observe, is declared by scientists to be as distinct a coloration as bay or chestnut and, therefore, having been long ago killed out of the thoroughbred, can never reappear. We have spoken of a preference which, *ceteris paribus*, many breeders have for a bay, but it easily breaks down in presence of a chestnut Stockwell or a Bend Or or a grey Tetrarch. No one outside Colney Hatch will ever breed for colour first.

And yet, in given lines such as that of Blacklock described above, and still more as it touches the offspring of some special sire or dam, it may have a greater significance than at first appears.

It is a secondary quality truly, but perhaps correlated or associated with some highly valuable qualities with which it goes. I am aware that I have against me so great an authority as Mr. J. B. Robertson, who says: "I must guard against my reader assuming that the various factors which are concerned in the inheritance of coat-colour are correlated with more important hereditary characters. Coat-colour, from the fact that it is readily traceable through a large number of generations, merely serves as an object lesson in hereditary transmission, but as a guide to the transference of variations in the skeleton, the physiological properties of muscle and nerve tissue, temperament and so forth" it is not ever of value. Can this be stated without reserve? Are not these secondary qualities in all breeds of animals sometimes so locked up with the more valuable qualities that they cannot be safely separated from them? They drag, so to speak, the higher qualities along with them, or the higher qualities drag them. Try and avoid a colour and you may find you have also avoided something you cannot do without. The outcry against certain secondary and seemingly useless characters such as feather in the Shire horse (which some men even denounce as injurious) or the underhung jaw of a bulldog, an apparent drawback, is often an outcry against some special character of the breed which is inseparable from its higher qualities. Breed out the useless feature and you may find yourself breeding out the higher qualities with which it went. And on this view the bay colour in the line of a St. Simon may well have meant and means something more than an interesting fact in natural history. If any of us, totally ignorant of the laws of Mendel, could bring the great sire to life again, how many of us would not prefer a brown bay from him to a chestnut (if such he had ever begotten); and the more like him the more hopeful we should be. Why?

Because unconsciously we should recognise that these points of likeness might probably be associated with the other qualities which made St. Simon great. And we know, indeed, as a fact that the nervous vitality and energy of Galopin came along down with his colour to the sons and grandsons of his line. I have quoted a great authority against me. This time I shall quote the very suggestive words of Professor Punnett ("Mendelism," page 169). He is speaking of mental characters and temperament in man as possibly associated with colour characteristics, and he says: "It is difficult to believe that the markedly different states of pigmentation in the same species are not associated with deep seated chemical differences influencing the character and bent of the individual. May not these differences in pigmentation be coupled with and so become in some measure a guide to mental and temperamental characteristics." And again: "The facts are suggestive and it is not impossible that future research may reveal an intimate connection between peculiarities of pigmentation and peculiarities of mind." The passage is written in terms of science and of the human race. But the law, whatever it be and though we be far off the finding, is the same for the human and the equine. In other words, deprive a St. Simon, a Stockwell, an Ormonde, a Gladiateur, a Bayardo or a Tetrarch of his distinguishing colour, and you deprive him perhaps of his temperament, his vitality, associated in his special line with that colour. Grey in the years to come is a colour which may illustrate this fact, if fact it be, and if anyone would give me a son of The Tetrarch I would ask that he should be a grey rather than any other colour, and as like his father as one could find him even in minor respects.

I am much indebted for the facts used in my papers to the writings of Major C. C. Hurst, Mr. W. Bateson, Professor Punnett and Mr. J. B. Robertson.

DISQUALIFIED HORSES IN RACING

AN ADMIRABLE FRENCH NEW RULE.

I NOTICED from a recent French paper that at a meeting of the Committee of the Société d'Encouragement, which ably controls racing in France, a new rule was adopted whereby a disqualified horse will in future be placed below the horse or horses it has actually interfered with. Hitherto the rule has been the same as in this country: a disqualified horse, though he may only have balked the second horse, which is given the race, is banished from the first three and figures among those that "also ran." The practice had nothing to commend it. It was harsh and unfair, and totally illogical, for the horse and, of course, the owner are punished as if the animal had interfered with the whole field. By all means, if the charge is proved, let the horse be deprived of first honours or even second, but why, for instance, should some tailed-off horses benefit by an incident which was enacted many lengths in front of them. The French authorities are to be congratulated on having taken a singularly wise step. French expert opinion most strongly approves, and so far as I am able to judge, there is widespread approval in this country. It is certain that the change would be immensely popular among all classes concerned—owners, trainers, jockeys and the public generally.

There was an instance only the other day at Sandown Park. A horse named Perry Hill dead-heated for a hurdle race with Herode Agrippa, and because the former was held to have interfered with the third, Front Line, he was disqualified. These three horses were well clear of the others, but while Herode Agrippa was made the absolute winner and Front Line was promoted to second place, Perry Hill was banished out of a place. By the new French rule he would have been allowed to occupy third place. That incident at Sandown Park, by the way, has been made the subject of some strong comment and the local Stewards have been severely criticised for the decision they arrived at. In justice to them, it must be said that the judge agreed with the view that Perry Hill had squeezed Front Line on the rails, and I should say that seldom, indeed, are decisions on objections opposed to the evidence given by the judge. It comes to this, then, that the judge is not only the judge of placings at the finishes of races, but he is also virtually filling the rôle of a stipendiary Steward. Certainly one could not have a better one, since his honesty and integrity are beyond question. His experience is so unique and lengthy that I would at all times accept his version of anything that takes place near his own box, but this particular incident at Sandown Park occurred below the last hurdle, and it says much for the unpopularity of the decision that a great many experts, who were better placed than the judge, were in total disagreement with the Stewards. If Dainty, the jockey, held to have offended, bore anything but a character for absolutely fair riding at all times, I might personally have agreed with the heavy fine of £20 inflicted on him. In the circumstances, however, I regard it as harsh in the extreme.

Since last writing, a number of non-acceptors have been declared for the spring handicaps, and among the handful taken

from the Lincolnshire Handicap is Brigand, for whom I had a good word to say a week ago. I wrote then that I was without information as to whether he was going to be trained for the race, and very speedily the point has been cleared up. We shall, I doubt not, hear of him anon. He is a horse that has matured late in life, and his Cambridgeshire win was so impressive that he seems bound to take at least one good handicap up to a mile in 1920. What an ideal horse he seems for the Royal Hunt Cup! His owner, Mr. James de Rothschild, has, however, left in another of his horses, Biwa, and there are possibilities about this one on its best form in 1919. Another of the non-acceptors is Corn Sack. He had admirers, and it is assumed that his withdrawal is due to Mr. Gilpin, his trainer, being desirous of starting late in the season rather than in the first week. Then why was he entered? Either the weight did not suit or it is thought the horse cannot be made fit in time. Alasnam, who was withdrawn, made no appeal to me on this occasion. He had been given a good deal of weight, but apart from that, he never struck me as the speedy sort of horse such as is required to win over the mile course at Lincoln. Speed is really a first essential for this handicap, and I saw sufficient in the last Manchester November Handicap to convince me that Alasnam is lacking in a quick turn of speed.

In the same stable is a four year old named Gipsy Lad. He won the Free Handicap as a two year old, and it can be made out that he has been favourably handicapped now. Perhaps that is because he never did much good last year as a three year old, and one must agree that an undoubted risk exists in taking it for granted that a horse will recover form which he has given evidence of having lost as a three year old. Possibly Gipsy Lad did not make normal improvement from two to three years of age. If, however, the explanation should be that the dry months and the hard racecourses did not suit him last season, then there is hope for him still. As to that we must wait and see until such time as his trainer may subject him to a trial. His owner, Sir Abe Bailey, is now in South Africa, and will certainly not be back in time for the opening of the season. He likes to be present when his horses are running, especially when much fancied, for their engagements. Sir Berkeley and Ugly Duckling are much talked about, and the public are already backing both. The handicapper has endeavoured to bring them together "on paper," and he was able to do so as they ran together on the last day of the season, when Ugly Duckling won easily. Sir Berkeley has been substantially compensated for that defeat, and his admirers say that he will next time avenge himself on Ugly Duckling. Nevertheless, he does not greatly impress me, and as between these two my fancy favours his conqueror of last November. Few horses that go to Lincoln are really fit so early in the year, and I prefer to wait until much nearer the day before making any sort of suggestion as to what may win.

I am informed that Poethlyn has continued to do well since that morning at Lewes when he fell from grace by falling at a plain fence in the course of an exercise gallop. That fall, I am given to understand, was wholly due to carelessness on the part

of the horse; if so, it will have done him no harm, but rather some good. Carelessness in fencing will not do at Aintree, especially at the end of next month, for it is quite true that with more time and labour at his command, Mr. Topham is taking care that the fences shall be once again up to their pre-war strength and size. I can think of no English-trained horse which is likely to trouble Poethlyn, except, perhaps, Gerald L., a much improved horse with big possibilities, or Loch Allen, who, however, has not been handicapped to beat him. One must fear most the Irish trio—Troytown, Ballyboggan and Clonree. Mr. Jack Anthony is likely to ride the first named, Head may

come from France for Ballyboggan, and Parfremont is reported as having accepted good terms to get up on Clonree. An Irish friend thinks a tremendous lot of Troytown, and I must say he greatly impressed me when I first set eyes on him at Liverpool last spring. Later in the year he went to France and won the big steeplechase there, though as I know how feeble was the French opposition on that occasion I am not going to let that success unduly weigh with me. Troytown has been absent from a racecourse for a long time, but I hope he may make a reappearance before long and give us an idea of his present form.

PHILIPPOS.

THE GOLFER AND HIS SHOES

By BERNARD DARWIN.

EVERY golfer has a favourite pair of golfing shoes. They are comfortable and he feels at home in them, but why they suit him or what are their technical merits he very seldom knows. He gets no further than thinking that So-and-So makes them better than anyone else and will make him another pair when the present pair become too disreputable looking. I was entirely ignorant on the subject until, a few days ago, when I had the advantage of a lecture from a friend who is an acknowledged expert on the subject and also a sound and experienced golfer. He showed me models and shoes in various stages: he took pieces of brown paper and sharp weapons and cut out patterns like greased lightning; he explained the meaning of strange words to me, and I have tried to remember what he told me.

The foundation of all shoes is the model, for as the model is so will the shoe be also. Models are made of wood and resemble to the layman's eye glorified trees. For a golf shoe you want a "short fitting," and not an "extended," model. This means that the human toe must come close against the shoe's toe. Golf shoes must therefore be comparatively inelegant, since they must not come to a slender and graceful point, for that means an empty space in which no real toe is. If there is this wasted space the shoe crumples as you turn on the foot, which makes you uncomfortable and unstable and is bad for the shoe into the bargain. Next the amount of "spring" is important. In other words, the shoe should to some extent turn up at the toe. It should not stand flat upon the ground as a smart shoe does. The flatter the model the more pronounced will be the crease across the foot as it moves in the swing, and this hurts your foot and wears the leather. The spring also makes for a freer turn, but this is of secondary importance to the other points. A good deal can be done to help the foot to move in the way it should go by making the model on what my friend calls the "rocking horse" principle. This expression is perhaps rather an alarming one; it conveys to my mind something too much of that swaying movement against which the text-books warn us, and indeed in my own fierce and exuberant waggle I have sometimes imagined myself looking far too much like that very identical animal. But there is really no cause for alarm. I was shown one of these "rocking horse" models and can best describe it in golfing language by saying that the sole looks like the face of a slightly "bulged" driver. The help that it would give to the swing would be but the gentlest persuasion, scarcely more than a hint.

Then there is the question of heels. These, I am told, should be long, square "jockey" heels like those of a riding boot. They are so called because they are made long to take the stirrup in the waist of the boot for those who ride "home." Their golfing merit is that they get your balance well back. A short, deep heel tends to pitch you forward on to your nose. I have seen golf shoes made with practically no heels at all and cross-examined my expert on this point. He replied that the great thing was to be natural, and he would always make a golf shoe as like a man's normal shoe as possible, except that the heel might be just a little lower and squarer. *A propos* of this point I have often felt rather chary—and so, I know, do other golfers—of changing suddenly on hard summer ground from ordinary shoes to tennis shoes. One has the sensation of an altered balance from the absence of heels. This, it appears, is to some extent a matter of imagination, for a good tennis shoe is made with a "wedge heel" which though not perceptible from the outside, gives a "raise" practically equal to that of the ordinary low heel, let us say about three-quarters of an inch. This, of course, does not apply to sand shoes or gymnasium shoes, which really have no more heel than they seem to have. As to what is to be put on the soles, rubber studs are suggested as giving the soundest grip either on dry, burnt ground, or on slimy clay. They are very comfortable, and are also good friends to the green-keeper as compared with heavy nails.

Now we come to the cut of the uppers. Here the depth of the front should not be great, for the greater it is, the stiffer it is in bending. The front should be cut "square and open," but the "opening" does not mean, as you or I would imagine, the place where the laces come in. It really means the curve of the "vamp"; that is, the seam where the front joins the lacing part. At the same time the model should be designed

so as to clip closely at the "quarters," i.e., what I should call the back part of the shoe, and should be low and well under the ankle bone. The leather for the uppers should be at once stout, flexible and waterproof. It is made of "ooze calf" specially dressed. I found something my expert did not know. His views on the word "ooze" were those of the famous cricketer as to the word "yorker." The great Mr. Murray's dictionary does not know either, unless I have been a careless reader in that tremendous book. The only help it gives is in such quotations as "His doe-skin boots were oozing out water," and that is the very last meaning that my shoe-making friend would like. Perhaps someone else can enlighten me. I reverently felt some of this calf and thought the name not inappropriate; it seemed to ooze through my fingers, so soft and pliable was it. The leather of which ordinary uppers are made seemed more brittle and less flexible, though it may look more beautifully polished.

Of ladies' golf shoes there are two types to suit two types of golfing ladies. For those whose golf is not too serious I was shown a pair of shoes so tiny, pointed and elegant that they might have suited Miss Knag's uncle "who had such small feet that they were no bigger than those which are usually joined to wooden legs—the most symmetrical feet, Madame Mantalini, that even you can imagine." But these the thorough-going player despises; hers are made on the "short-fitting" model and are simply men's shoes in miniature.

My last piece of cross-examination was on the subject of boots as against shoes. We know that Braid and Taylor play in boots, and we have sometimes felt, when we were moving our bodies over-much and pirouetting too freely on the toes, that a pair of shooting boots would be useful in anchoring us to the ground. The oracle was in favour of shoes, though he said that he could quite understand a heavy man preferring boots if he felt that he wanted support for his ankles or his weight. The general motive for wearing shoes was, he thought, that they looked neater, more especially with knickerbockers, and certainly a pair of knickerbockered and stockinged legs terminating in large boots are not in the least beautiful.

THE LATE MR. CLEMENT ARCHER.

Mr. Clement Archer, who died a few days ago, was a very familiar figure at Rye, both at the Golf Club and the Dormy House, and will be long and affectionately remembered by all Rye golfers. All great golf courses have devoted lovers, but there are few people who love a course as Mr. Archer did Rye, not so much for the pleasure that it gave him as for its own sake. He was never a good player, although he was a good putter, and a few years ago was at his handicap a most useful partner in a foursome. As years went on he seemed to play fewer and fewer rounds and to prefer walking round and plotting improvements. The course purely as a playground for himself came to mean less and less to him, but his desire that it should be as good as it conceivably could be for other people became, if possible, keener. In his heart he probably thought Rye the best course in the world (nor was he far wrong), and he would have liked all the world to think so too. The thirteenth or sea hole, often called "Archerfield," will remain as a very particular monument to his memory. When Mr. Archer conceived the idea of making a green in the bare flat expanse that lay over the sandhills bounding the course there was much opposition, and for a while the new hole, though long and difficult enough, was so ragged and unkempt as to seem unworthy of the course. Exactly how good a hole it is even to-day may be disputed, but it has justified itself. Against the wind with the ball lying close as it does at Rye there is scarcely a harder hole anywhere, and undoubtedly Mr. Archer enjoyed in the process of time a triumph over his critics. One of his friends has told me that Mr. Archer spent most of a blazing summer day racing up and down slopes at the present eighth hole when it was in the making, in order to make perfectly certain that the bottom of the flag should be visible from the tee. These are only two examples of years of painstaking. As to some of his plans for the course Mr. Archer could be determined perhaps now and then to the point of obstinacy, but when the goodness of the motive was considered, who could think of this but as an amiable weakness?

NATURE NOTES

DRINKLESS BEASTS

THERE has always been a strange fascination and, one may justly say, a considerable amount of incredulity about the ability of certain animals to exist without water. Environment and local conditions seem to have produced this faculty in animals; a beast will live and thrive in a locality amply supplied with food and water, while the same type of animal can subsist in a region where food is scarce and water is absent. Certain animals are, of course, more suitable to dry conditions than others. But these are all more or less what one might call arid types. The gazelle, for instance, and desert-loving antelope, such as the addax and certain oryx, these are "arid types," and we do not expect to meet with them in localities where water is abundant and good. However, when we find certain species which are connected in our minds with forested hills, luxuriant grazing and even streams of running water, living under such poor conditions that nature does not even supply an occasional drink, then we wonder at the adaptability of such animal life to its surroundings.

There is a range in the Syrian desert where rain may fall once or twice a year, possibly it does not fall at all, and it may not come for several seasons in succession. Under the best conditions a few showers, perhaps heavy ones, will fall in spring. Certainly for nine months out of the twelve there is no precipitation whatever. The pasture is the poor, thorny desert herbage, typical of those localities. The list of animal life which inhabited this particular locality consisted of ibex, gazelle, wild boar, foxes, a few wolves, not to mention innumerable partridges

and small fauna, such as desert rats and jerboas. Of these the wolves probably moved according to the season; the wild boars also travel, but I cannot believe they could reach water whenever they desired, for I saw them at the end of May, and there is no open water within a radius of fifty miles. The presence of ibex was astonishing, for one is accustomed to associate ibex with green pastures and a certain water supply. Yet these animals are independent and will range over quite waterless moun-



ORYX BEATRIX.

Which lives in regions without surface water.

tains so long as they are undisturbed by man. Doughty of Arabian fame mentions these same ibex as "the wild goats, which never drink." Gazelle are able to migrate, they can travel great distances and be always sure of finding fresh pasture with a certain amount of succulence in it. But the ibex are confined to the hills; although they move, they can find neither water nor green food. Doughty makes the interesting observation that the native Bedouin hunters differentiate between "the never-drinking small gazelle of the Nefud," i.e., the sand-beds, and those inhabiting the Harra, or volcanic region, "which drinking water is also of greater bulk."

With regard to the true desert types, such as the addax and the oryx, these habitually live in regions which are without surface water. No rain can be depended upon; either it does not come for years, or it may chance to fall heavily during two or three months in winter, when it is quickly absorbed by the thirsty ground. Sometimes it is caught in hollow rocks, where the formation is of that flat sandstone type so common in wind-worn rock regions. I have seen these pools of rainwater in the desert; they may remain for a week or more, if there is no dry wind to hasten the evaporation. The Bedouin know of such places and use them as a water supply, while they graze their herds over the surrounding country which would otherwise be prohibited ground on account of lack of water. The oryx and addax may use them too. I have certainly seen their tracks leading to water of this description. But, on the other hand, the vast majority never see standing water; the oryx are accustomed to live in sand areas where no rain would stand even if it fell; it is certain, therefore, that these beasts are quite independent of water.

Doughty writes of them as inhabiting the "waterless wilderness," and as "running most swiftly in the waterless sand

plains, where they never drink." Nature, however, has granted a substitute. It appears that the dryer the atmosphere and more arid the region certain types of flora are the more capable of conserving moisture. In the Kalahari Desert in South Africa, in the Sahara, in Arabia and in the Mexican deserts, these peculiar forms of plant life exist in the shape of little melons, and large, fleshy parasite plants, which grow in the sand and gain nourishment from the roots of other bushes. These are very juicy and full of water; and, to a very large extent, they even take the place of other drinking supply. The Bushmen of the Kalahari, for instance, can exist for long periods on small water melons which grow there; and the addax antelope migrate over the Sahara in search of the same type of vegetation, which springs up after the rain.

D. CARRUTHERS.

THE SANCTUARY OF THE GREY GOOSE.

The marshes at Holkham are a well known sanctuary for wild geese. Bordered on the north by a line of fir trees growing on the sandhills by the sea, and on the south by the long hill whereon lie the village and the trees of the park. This wide stretch of fresh water marsh has long ago been converted into pasture land for sheep and cattle, though all through the winter months it is peopled almost entirely by the grey geese, where they may feed in safety, unafraid of man or gun, if they would only appreciate the fact. These grey geese—pink-footed and white-fronted varieties—come every year about the end of harvest, feeding by day on the stubble fields, and flying out to sea to spend the night. When the corn is finished they come down to the marshes and feed anywhere along that north coast, where they can remain sufficiently undisturbed. Sometimes for days together one district will see nothing of them, then suddenly they will return in their hundreds and feed hungrily till something scares them, and then they move on elsewhere, probably to reappear at the same time next day. As long as they haunt one particular place, they are wonderful timekeepers. At the end of January I went to Holkham to watch these birds as much as was possible. For the first few days there was not a sign of one, and as I was told that they were only waiting for an easterly wind to be off to their northern homes, I was afraid they had gone for good. But four days later we saw some hundreds of them flying up from the eastward—long, thin lines, waving as they flew into all the letters of the alphabet that have a point to them. From a mile or more away we could hear their loud continual gaggle, giving plenty of warning of their approach.

It is curious to watch these geese in their flight along the marshes, hereabouts only a mile or so wide. They fly in a succession of wavy lines one behind the other. When they see a likely feeding-ground below them they make long tacks from north to south over it, backwards and forwards as if they would never make up their minds to descend. Wherever the first one goes the others patiently follow, even when they must meet each other every time as they wave to and fro. Then the front rank will suddenly make a long circular sweep downwards and alight on the marsh, the remainder following them. The noise they make is tremendous, should one be fortunate enough to be near when they come down, their gagging is incessant, and the beat of those great strong wings sounds like a heavy breeze through trees. Once down, they feed greedily, tearing off the grass as they move slowly along. They walk clumsily, and if they see a better patch a few yards further on, will fly rather than walk to it. Every now and then one bird, sometimes more, will jump up and fly round as if on sentry go. And it is interesting to see the complete faith the main body places in their sentries, for they continue placidly feeding until warning is given and then they are all off at once. A very few out of a gaggle of several hundreds will be on guard at one time, heads up and necks outstretched. When a neighbour has eaten as much as he can manage he takes his place and watches out for a time; they take turn and turn about. They have the keenest sense of smell of any birds it has yet been my good fortune to meet with, so it is as well to bear this in mind and to get to leeward of them if possible, though there is very little cover to take on these open fields, and one has to make the best of what one can find.

During the last few days of January the habits of these geese seemed to change. The geese came in much earlier in the morning and fed busily all day, seldom taking the trouble to post sentries. They fed unceasingly for hours on end, as if they could never get enough to eat. One of the early days in February was almost the last time I saw them there. There were a thousand or so strongly feeding out on the marsh, still making the most of their time, but noisy and restless. Then something alarmed them, every head went up, and, facing the wind, the birds ran quickly for a few yards, then spread their great wings, and with a turmoil of sound wheeled round and flew out to sea. Though a very few returned the next evening at dusk I am afraid they have gone for good, and were no doubt waiting for the full of the moon to take their long flight home across the North Sea.

MARY G. S. BEST.

LETTERS TO YOUNG SPORTSMEN

ON SHOOTING.—IV. "ROUGH DAYS."

BY THE HON. DOUGLAS CAIRNS.

PERHAPS the most enjoyable "rough days" in the more accessible parts of Great Britain are those spent on the "outsides" or undefined beats of large estates, those beats which are not exactly moor or covert or arable, but a happy blending of all three, with possibly a snipe-bog added: programme varied to meet any emergency; an impromptu drive for blackcocks, the birds being first located and the guns then posted as near them as possible; some turnip-fields driven away from the outlying coverts (excluded for convenience from the orthodox covert days, and where the existence of the birds is apt to be precarious) to which the cock pheasants, curling back high over the guns, placed in full view behind the beaters, afford incomparably better shots than if attacked ignominiously from the rear; a bit of mossland on which the pick-up may include half-a-dozen varieties. Such rough days—"what-not" days an old Lanarkshire keeper used to call them—are often productive of results as substantial as they are varied. But they involve the employment of a considerable staff, are undertaken by a party of guns and are to a great extent dependent upon game preservation. So, indeed, are the days obtainable on ground itself indifferently preserved and dependent for its stock on the proximity of a carefully managed estate. Here, the main object is to secure the game, whatever its nature, the quality of the shots afforded being a secondary consideration. This involves—*quâ* pheasants—killing them early, before the shortage of "wild" food has led them to harbour permanently in the coverts of neighbour Croesus. An alternative, feeding by the "rough" shooter, results in criticisms of the "man who baits his ground"; unfair criticisms, I think, for the baiter, especially if he spares hens, may breed pheasants to be baited away by Croesus and his velveteneed myrmidons. Nor will Croesus be ruined in purse or prestige by the absence from his preserves of sufficient pheasants to afford his less ambitious neighbours many a happy and healthy Saturday's amusement. You will notice as you grow older that the best sportsmen have not always the longest purses. There used to be, and possibly still is, a certain—or uncertain—amount of wild shooting to be had in the New Forest, by ticket. The restrictions attached, limiting the shooter to one beater and to the hours of daylight, seemed admirable, till the coming of the motor gave its owner an undue advantage over his less-favoured rivals—he could practically visit all the spots he thought worth visiting in the course of a day.

Then there are a few hotels where the shooter is accommodated and where the sport necessarily depends upon the numerical proportion between dividend (game) and divisor (sportsmen), while the migratory birds, the rough shooters' quarry *par excellence*, will probably make a better show in the bag than in the kinds of "shoot" previously indicated. And you will find that it is the migrants whose pursuit gives you most pleasure; their presence in numbers is usually a surprise; their absence a smaller disappointment than that of game which you expect to be resident; their circumvention a greater triumph than would be the case were you certain of finding them next day; their change of haunt according to the weather an interesting study. But the ideal rough shoot should harbour just sufficient resident game to occupy you when the migrants are elsewhere. Such a happy hunting-ground, I need hardly tell you, will not be found at your door. You may, perhaps, hear of something like it in Ireland, but nothing in Ireland seems to be reliable, except the unreliability of everybody and everything. The local gunner is apt to forestall the tenant, and other drawbacks in plenty seem to discourage those who have experimented there. While you are still young and unfettered by family cares you should look out for one of the "winter shootings," as they are called, on the West Coast of Scotland or on one of the fascinating islands lying off it.

The axe has been described as the woodcock's best friend, in the sense that young plantations replacing felled timber are, during a certain stage of growth, his favourite haunts. This stage is sometimes defined as the period at which the trees and under-covert permit his running freely in search of food, while the growth is low enough to afford shelter and warmth and to keep the ground soft enough for the probing of his greedy bill. But in reality, so long as there

are soft feeding-grounds near by, he loves an undergrowth of rank heather.

In the locality recommended, it is mainly in long heather that you will find him. In the islands, generally speaking, there are no woods except hazel or birch scrub, and thus the felling of trees which has altered the features of the mainland out of all recognition, has no direct influence on the presence or absence of island woodcocks. Indirect influence may, indeed, be noticeable in time, *i.e.*, when, if ever, the devastated districts on the mainland are replanted, or the schemes for afforesting the glens bear visible fruit.

You will be very lucky if you can get hold of a piece of ground such as I occupied sixteen years ago. I will not give you its exact whereabouts: free advertisements are not the game, and prospecting will be a valuable experience to you; but I will describe my paradise and its inhabitants in order to give you an idea of what to look for. It consists of a promontory nearly 20,000 acres in extent, situated on one of our largest islands; on the north side, low rushy fields running down to the sea; on the south, a rocky shore (with the exception of a bit of crofters' ground) so wide as to materially reduce the formidable number of acres; between these limits, a waste of low hills and wide glens; "faces" clothed with birch and hazel scrub; occasional little snipe bogs; jumbles of rock and bracken. A road runs through the northern part of the ground to the narrow and rocky west end of the promontory; another skirts the loch which forms the eastern march; these roads bring one within walking distance of all the beats, though the walks were quite long enough, especially in the dusk, over those trackless wastes. I used to bicycle, when arrangements permitted, so far as the roads served. The village and its inn, where the sportsman must live, are, as usual, some distance from the best ground, but one could always find *something* after a very short walk. Grouse were limited to twenty brace, and were killed for the larder when wanted, or to swell the list of varieties; they lay well when located—by a dog, of course—and never flew far. Black game were numerous, but consisted chiefly of packs of old hens, barren, and a limited number of cocks, also old, who used to go through the antics of that spurious "rut" which seems to be provoked by the lovely Indian summer days of October. Pheasants there were, too, gleaned the exiguous stubbles and scattered among the birch scrub. They roosted in the long heather, trees and foxes being absent. Cocks only



PHEASANTS THERE WERE, TOO.

were killed. Two or three coveys of partridges were invariably difficult to find, and, once flushed, had a knack of disappearing for the day. A cave held great store of rock pigeons, which were "bolted" by a man entering, and were shot at from above. I say "at" advisedly. Anybody who fancies himself as a performer with the scatter-gun should try these birds under similar conditions. His failure will purge him of much conceit. This cave was a long way off, and could only be attacked at low tide.

But the migrants were the chief attraction. November in that year was a very snowy month on the mainland, and my return to the island early in December found the scrub patches and heathery precipices well stocked with woodcocks. The walking was mostly rough, but the consequent difficulty in shooting (for one *must* keep one's eye on the spaniel) was largely cancelled by the absence of real trees. My best eight days resulted in a total of 160 woodcocks, plus etceteras. I do not think another gun would have helped me much: one wants to shoot in any direction on such ground, unhampered by any consideration—however brief—of manners or safety. Perhaps the most enjoyable of these days (though the number of woodcocks killed on each varied but little) was one spent in hunting the shores of a lovely loch, an island in its midst clothed with the giant *Osmunda regalis* fern, growing luxuriantly in that moist and frostless spot. The surrounding slopes were a chaos of heather and rocks and birch scrub, and the feeding-grounds adjacent put a juicy and succulent "finish" to the woodcocks which made others seem dry and tasteless by comparison. The figures on that day were: Woodcocks, twenty-three; snipe, two; grouse, one; pheasants, one; blackcocks, three.

And, while my game-book is open, I may as well give you my totals for the season, *i.e.*, half of October, three weeks in December and a fortnight of January:

Grouse	40	Wild fowl	1
Blackcocks	20	Pigeons	8
Partridges	13	Hares	17
Cock pheasants	54	Rabbits	7
Woodcocks	206	Landrail	1
Snipe	229	Cat	1

The final item suggests a warning: never shoot a cat in sight of any possible owner or owner's relatives. This island pussy had separated herself from the nearest human habitation by many miles. The rent paid was £100, including the wages of a keeper whose local knowledge was invaluable. Familiar with every likely hollow or patch of rushes, his unerring instinct as a guide through the wilderness almost suggested the presence of Moses in his pedigree. He, with a boy, constituted the staff; no beaters, and therefore no restraint on shooting in any direction; half the battle on broken ground where a woodcock flushed by the spaniel may fly anywhere.

The snipe made very pretty shooting, lying well to a dog, a wise old Irish setter, who knew where to hunt and where not to waste her time and mine, and would retrieve, when told, in a quiet panther-like fashion, without any of the fuss created by her rival, a bouncing Labrador. Two or three days gave bags of over thirty birds; one day thirty-four; a mere trifle in comparison to the holocausts obtained on a neighbouring island, where, however, walking in line is necessary; an island offered on "a lease for as long as you like" at £10 about half a century ago, and now commanding a rent, I believe, of £500. The snipe-shooting there is the best in Britain.

There were a few hares on my ground, but practically no rabbits; of the seven killed in the season, two fell victims to a right and left; the farmer was an infallible snarer, and his land produced some of the finest Highland cattle in the world. In the summer they were to be seen cooling themselves in the Atlantic. Fortunately, he kept no sheep; their presence is incompatible with the necessary peace in woodcock coverts, which were scattered and unfenced.

The absence of rabbits, apart from my innate hatred of a pest which causes more waste and more ill-feeling than all other beasts shootable added together, and my loathing of his plague-bearing parasite-riddled carcass as food, was a blessing, enabling the spaniels to concentrate on their proper game, and relieving the gun of uncertainty as to the nature and value of each quest; rendering unnecessary all the whistling, rating and whip-cracking inseparable from the presence of these four-footed abominations.

The scent of the woodcock possesses a mysterious attraction for a dog used habitually in his pursuit. The very strength of the aroma, which is repugnant to a dog unentered

(and the best "entering," as I have told you before, is effected on young peewits or curlews), produces in one who has, with work, acquired a liking for it, some deep joy which finds expression in various ways. For instance, some dogs will roll on the bird's excrement, the vigour displayed in the operation varying with the freshness of the traces. To the shooter this habit is a useful one in a premonitory sense, and emphasises the importance of keeping one eye on the dog *always*. The woodcock is a heavy eater, and leaves correspondingly large and frequent mementoes, plainly discernible on the dark ground, not only in his feeding area, but also actually in his diurnal resting-places. Then, again, his blood must have a penetrating smell, for I have seen a dog follow, on the ground, the line of a wounded cock on the wing, "pointing" on the way. It was not till the performance was repeated on snow that I could be quite certain what he was pointing at, *viz.*, drops of blood. To track thus, in long heather, a dog needs a good nose, which this one, a retriever-collie cross, certainly possessed.

There seemed to be certain spots which always held a woodcock in certain weather; thus, in the frost—seldom more than superficial—various little mossy holes behind waterfalls seldom failed. The droppings here afforded proof of long and regular and well-fed residence. From one of these holes a woodcock could often be poked out with a stick. The ragged heather, bare beneath, was preferred in wet weather to the more vigorous growth; dead bracken was seldom used for more than a day or two, and then chiefly by new arrivals, generally to be found in pairs, to separate after a few days residence. Quite unaccountably, these birds seemed to be of a brighter colour than those which had haunted the ground for some time.

One final remark as to beating for woodcock, applicable to all coverts, whether woods or mere patches of scrub; after beating, or hunting, the covert, beat or hunt round the *outside* carefully, for three reasons. Firstly, birds you have



ANY OLD WALL IS A FAVOURITE SPOT.

flushed inside will be loath to leave altogether and will often pitch near the edge. Secondly, there is in most cases a ditch or a stream near which woodcocks will be found more probably than elsewhere. Thirdly, any old wall, or remains of a ruined wall, at the edge of a covert, is a favourite spot. Walls make shelter from frost, and collect blown leaves; these in time form leaf-mould, beloved of the woodcock as easy and productive "prodding" material for his sensitive bill.

I need not enlarge again on the dog question; avoid the "long and low" stamp of spaniel, and you have plenty of others to choose from now that the Springer type is being sensibly bred. Such a happy hunting-ground as I have attempted to describe may give you a good deal of happy hunting before you find it; if the search entails some little exploration, you are to be envied; have you read Nicolson?

Athens, Naples and Rome
I would see them before I die,
But I'd rather not see any one of the three
Than be sever'd for ever from Skye.